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The debate is less
and them than it is among ourselves.

ERA at the Finish • R.H. Tawney Reconsidered

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TRB

from Washington ®
December 17, 1977

War Without Troops

Could I say a timid word in support of Jimmy Carter? No one else seems to be. I haven't seen editorial writers and columnists so patronizing and condescending to a President since Harry Truman in 1948. (Truman managed to survive it, you remember, and I suspect Carter may, too, though it's still a question.) Carter has been maladroit and inept in a lot of things in his first year. You can forgive a President for calling himself "Jimmy" if he wants to and I won't hold it against a man just because he's devout; but to cling to old-friend Bert Lance under all the circumstances revealed here is not merely tempting fate, it's bad politics.

One of the big problems of the nation right now, I think, is not weak leadership but weak followship. President Carter is one of the hardest workers, fastest learners, most disciplined executives we have had for a long while. He's been telling the nation every chance he gets that the country's number one problem is energy. Instead of rising to his assistance, a lot of people complain that he keeps things disturbed and that he's either too activist, or not activist enough, and that anyway he's either ineffective or incompetent.

But energy is the problem. We will probably have two-dollar gasoline in a few years. We have one-sixth of the world's population and use a third of its energy. Petroleum and natural gas are running out. The price has risen 500 percent since 1973. Japan has cut oil imports; Germany has cut imports; the British and Italians have cut theirs; the United States is importing more than ever. We've increased oil imports 40 percent since 1973.

What does a President do? He wants Congress to act and the House has passed a fairly reasonable bill but the Senate balks and now it's in conference. A President tries to pressure Congress by appealing to the public. Carter has done this repeatedly. Maybe he doesn't say the right things; maybe he says them in the wrong tone of voice. Maybe the nation needs Richard Nixon or Jerry Ford to electrify it.

Nixon handled the oil embargo in 1973. It revealed the power of oil-exporting countries to blackmail us for political ends. Nixon exhorted the nation to rally round. He sent up a package to Congress in January 1974, explaining that with the relatively painless proposals everything would be taken care of: "We must never again be caught so dependent upon uncertain supplies," he explained encouragingly. He said, "We can be essentially independent of foreign energy producers." When the embargo ended he said the crisis was over. He hailed a future of "energy independence" with a typical concluding Nixon inspirational flourish about "the American spirit reasserting itself for the lasting benefit of America and the world."

All he left out, of course, was that world oil supplies were still running out and that we were more dependent than ever.

That's one way a President can handle the energy problem. Perhaps Jerry Ford is a better example of what to do. Suddenly brought to office he noted that imported oil was sending up prices, causing inflation. So he got out his WIN buttons—"Whip Inflation Now!" Nixon gave us half measures, and Ford gave us a slogan. The energy problem got worse. Carter inherited it, as he did a sour economy, a seething Middle East, a nuclear arms race, a Panama Canal negotiation, high prices, unemployment, a tax mess, a welfare mess, and all the other things he would like to tackle and is criticized for not solving.

Carter was in office only three months when he called a joint session of Congress to urge on them that "the greatest domestic challenge our nation will face in our lifetime" is energy. As an engineer, he saw it. He said he couldn't be "inspirational" in what he had to say: the problem was, simply, that "our demand for fuel keeps rising more quickly than our production." In figures, demand rises five percent a year while domestic oil production falls six percent. He said we imported $35 billion worth of oil in 1976 and would spend more this

(continued on page 38)

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Cover: Soviet poster courtesy of Thomas Fallows and The Washington Monthly. *The death's head is carrying a banner that says "war." The little yellow capitalist's banner says "anticommunism," and his book is entitled "military budget." The warning at the top of the poster means roughly, "Don't take another step—you'll break your neck!"*

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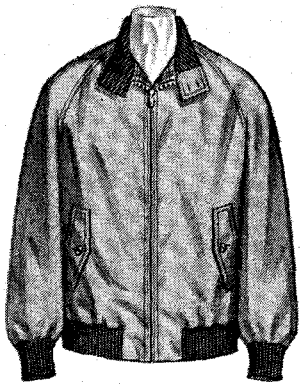

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 17, 1977

Guaranteed Jobs for Economists

After many months, President Carter has been talked into accepting the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, a proposal known officially as the Full Employment and Balanced Growth Act of 1977. The title is a clue to what lies inside. In the form now settled on, the bill amounts to a promise to make a promise each year to improve the economy, create jobs and put a chicken in every pot. Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota and Representative Augustus Hawkins of California, in keeping with the spirit of the bill, promised to get it through Congress quickly. Likewise, on November 14, the President promised to sign it as soon as it is passed. They must be cheering in the Bronx.

The clunky phrasing of Humphrey-Hawkins is easy to ridicule, and several newspapers have already done so. The most recent example comes from Richard Nixon's former economic advisor, Herbert Stein, who introduced a parody bill of his own in the *Wall Street Journal*. It was called the "Full Marriage and Political Balancing Act of 1977," a plan to reduce the "unmarriage rate" to four percent and use the powers of the federal government to "promote meaningful relationships." A handful of conservatives takes it more seriously than this, saying it will create inflation. Liberal editorialists have dismissed it as a toothless tiger.

Senator Humphrey's assistant, Timothy Barnicle, who has worked on the proposal for years, said last week that "the press is more cynical about it than the politicians." He thinks that the world has been a bit hasty in its judgment, and he predicts that the same people who argue now that the bill is too weak will be arguing next March that it is too strong. The congressmen who persuaded Carter to endorse the plan believe they have accomplished something important, Barnicle says, and that judgment seems reliable to him. His case, which he defends vigorously, is that Humphrey-Hawkins will change the character of debate on economic decisions and "increase the political stakes." While it does not require the government to do anything specific to aid the economy or the unemployed, it does attempt to focus policymaking on two or three key promises each year. This in itself is an achievement, Barnicle says, for the first step in getting a President to do something is getting him to say plainly that he will do it.

In specific terms, the bill requires the President to file an economic report each year with Congress. The report must set forth "the current and foreseeable trends in the levels of unemployment, production, real income, productivity and prices, and a review and analysis of recent developments affecting economic trends in the United States." That's the beginning. Once the President has finished with forecasts, he must set out "annual numerical goals for five years for employment and unemployment, production . . . " *et cetera*. At this point, the drafters of the bill took leave of self-restraint and pencilled in some of the numbers they want to hear. They couldn't wait for the President to choose them himself. The goals for the first report, by law, will be to reduce unemployment to a rate of no more than three percent for civilians aged 20 or over,

NO, NO... READ THE HUMPHREY-HAWKINS BILL AGAIN.

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and to no more than four percent for those over 16 years. Step three: after setting goals, the President must describe the "program and policies" he will undertake to achieve them. In addition, the bill divides the tasks into short-term and medium-term goals, sets regional and structural reform goals, youth employment and job training goals, requires congressional approval, takes inflation into account and requires the President's budget to "be consistent" with his goals. Many procedures are laid out in detail, and the whole document reads like an office memo, not public law. Suffice it to say that the new system is meant to "hold the President's feet to the fire," in Barnicle's words. Every year he will be compelled to make a promise and to explain why things are or are not going as promised the year before.

Humphrey, Hawkins and their cosponsors are probably correct in their guess that the President's economic report will get a lot of attention. It will make numbers even more important in congressional debate than they are now and impose more rigorous econometric rules on politics. But what will it contribute? Not a solution to the plagues of inflation and unemployment. It may contribute instead a new way of looking at things, an economist's vision of public life. Humphrey and Hawkins, and now Carter, have accepted the idea that the government will know better what to do and behave more compassionately in making economic decisions if it sees the world as an economist does. We are not convinced of this. We submit that the economist's view is not necessarily clearer than the politician's. And we doubt that congressional talk will be made more lucid by shifting it away from standard English toward a more thickly orthodox economese. We can imagine nothing more stultifying than a debate in a parliament of bad economists.

Quite without the help of mechanisms in this bill, we know today that millions of Americans who want to work cannot find jobs, that young people have more trouble finding work than their elders and that black young people as a group face a future that rightly can be called desperate. The President wants to change this, and so does Congress. They cannot decide which way to go, but knowing they cannot be idle, they vote for more of what's been done before. Businesses will be given new tax breaks next year, and at the same time hundreds of thousands of public jobs (but not enough) are being created for the unemployed poor who live in cities. The federal government has undertaken to subsidize city and state budgets through other channels as well, largely for the purpose of keeping the employment statistics up. What does the Full Employment Act add to all this? Goals and timetables, that's what. It says: "Faster, please, and with more jargon."

Notice to Our Readers

Due to heavy increases in the costs of printing, paper, postage and salaries, the subscription price of *The New Republic* will rise on January 1, 1978 to $24 per year, or to 50 cents per issue. The regular subscription price is a savings of $24 over the newsstand price, which will be $1 per copy.

Deadline Time For ERA

The question of extending the time limit for ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment for seven more years will come before Congress early next year. For those who believe the amendment is vital to the essential task of eliminating all varieties of sex discrimination in this country—and we do—it's tempting to support the proposed extension without much reflection. ERA advocates warn that if the extension is not granted, ratification may not be successful in this generation or the next.

The proposed ERA left Congress in March 1972. In the next year, it passed 30 of the 38 state legislatures necessary for ratification. By March 1975, only four more states were needed. After that, momentum shifted. Only one more state has been added—Indiana, this year. Attempts to ratify in other states have failed many times. Three state legislatures which previously ratified the amendment—Nebraska, Tennessee, Idaho—have since passed bills purporting to rescind their ratification. The legal validity of these attempted rescissions is not clear. Despite the commitment of the Fords and the Carters, and despite lopsided majorities in the public opinion polls favoring ratification, the ERA has been nearly at a standstill for the past two years. Congress applied to ERA the customary seven-year time limit for state ratification of constitutional amendments. That deadline is only 15 months away, and this occasions the move for extension.

Those promoting the extension argue that the time limit is not sacrosanct. Before the 18th Amendment in 1917, there was no time limit for ratification. The custom began only because someone discovered unratified amendments, proposed as far back as 1860, with no date for expiration, floating around in the states. Many were unsuited to the times and no longer desired, but they could become effective at any time, with ratifications years back and under different circumstances counting toward the required two-thirds total. Proponents also contend that the seven-year figure need not be invariable. Seven years may be appropriate for amendments that are easily understood (like the 18-year-old vote or prohibition). But those as ambiguous and potentially far-reaching as the ERA require a larger job of public education, and hence more time. The ERA, of course, is still vital, still very much responsive to the needs that inspired it. Thus, they

(continued on page 8)

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Correspondence

A sense of insecurity

To the editors:

In reference to the lead editorial "To Russia Without Love" (*TNR*, Nov. 19) the following point may merit consideration:

Essentially, not much has changed in the international situation of the Soviets during the past 60 years. Even though their military and economic might are considerably greater than they were 60 years ago, even though the Soviets demonstrated success in some areas and gained some international prestige, they still see themselves surrounded with enemies—and they are; they still are on the defensive—and they must be. The sense of insecurity has never left them during the past 60 years, and on a psychological level, the cold war has never ceased for them. Their international situation has never changed, in essence.

Henry Greber
New York, New York

Nasty G-man

To the editors:

J. Edgar Hoover spent prodigious amounts of time and effort harrassing organizations whose ideas he did not like, even though some of them were harmless, even trivial. He built up his power in Congress and among the public by a massive public relations campaign, augmented by personal files used to silence his critics. He sent poison pen letters calculated to destroy those he did not approve of, most notably Martin Luther King, Jr.

This is the man your Washington Diarist extols as a good public servant ("Hymns," *TNR*, Nov. 19). We agree that he was a singularly nasty man.

Charles F. Kellers
La Jolla, California

Mission schools

To the editors:

It is upsetting that TRB ("The Human Right to a Job," *TNR*, Nov. 5), would suggest government-enforced employment of poverty-level youth, but gloss over the need for their training before entering such employment.

Untrained and unskilled employees are too expensive to maintain. Their absentee rate is high, their productive capacity is low, they steal prolifically, and they interfere with the production of other workers.

Until unemployed youth can make commitments to become useful, nondestructive, creative persons, most employers will prevent their entry into the ranks of the employed.

May I suggest that more of the money currently being expended in the defense industry be diverted in order to create more, and smaller, alternative training institutions which would have the specific missions of preparing our unemployed youth to enter responsible social positions. Such "schools" should not be patterned after our inefficient public school systems, nor manned by educators and administrators who currently manage the public schools; rather, such places should be conducted by those citizens in our society who are concerned about unemployed youth, and perhaps even now, are involved with them in their problems.

We have school systems for the "upper classes" (the colleges), the "middle classes" (the public elementary and secondary); why not create a new and more realistic system for the "lower classes"?

Will Pearson
Kearns, Utah

Judge Sewall acquitted

To the editors:

Henry Fairlie's series on the Seven Deadly Sins is a brilliant and devastating indictment of an egocentric society whose selfishness makes it peculiarly vulnerable.

I have been startled by the strong reactions of your readers. I was particularly amused, though, by William B. Anderson's incoherent letter of November 19. He dismissed the essay on Lust as "... all too reminiscent of the time when America burned her witches, the time of those fellow monsters, the Mathers and Sewells (sic), whose obsession with sin finally led them to be the greatest practitioners of it."

Judge Sewall did not burn witches. He was one of several commissioners who sentenced innocent people to hang. Five years later he recanted abjectly for his part in the trials. He understood his own sin of Pride.

G. T. Sewall
Phillips Academy
Andover, Massachusetts

Abide with me

To the editors:

Mr. John Taft writing about Arthur Schlesinger Jr., says, "William Buckley can't abide him," ("The Once and Future Mandarin," *TNR*, Nov. 26). In fact that is not true: the fact of it is I have abided him.

William F. Buckley, Jr.
New York, New York

Contempt by Congress

To the editors:

Your editorial about Congress's response to the energy crisis was excellent ("Is America Ready for Democracy?" *TNR*, Nov. 26). It seems that Congress always has an excuse for looking the other way. During the Watergate episode, it said that impeachment was so much of a crisis that it couldn't face it ("It will tear the country apart!"). Now, it says that it can't deal with the energy problem because it hasn't yet been perceived as *enough* of a crisis.

Talk about making the most of and doing the least about crises! It seems that Congress uses every occasion of crisis to treat the American public with contempt instead of giving it what it wants: frankness and direction.

Eric Steel
Emeryville, California

To each his/her own

To the editors:

A key factor almost overlooked by John Osborne in his entertaining piece "Tennis, Folks?" (*TNR*, Nov. 26) is a matter of residence. The White House is, indeed, Jimmy Carter's house. The likes of Clough, Hoyt, Jordan, and Brzezinski, who are there to work, can seek leisure at their homes. The President works and plays in the same place.

Charles T. Barber
Indiana State University
Evansville

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contend, it would be a greater injustice to kill it with the imposition of an arbitrary time limit than to grant an extension.

Even if Congress has the power under the Constitution to extend the time limit, we have some reservations about the idea. Time allowed for ratification never has been extended before, and it may prove a shortsighted political strategy. The ERA is the only constitutional amendment on the liberal agenda. On the right, where all the action is these days, there is a passel of amendments—against abortion, against busing, for school prayer, and abolishing federal indebtedness. They also are warming up the machinery in Article Five of the Constitution (and never before used) that provides for the calling of a new constitutional convention that could pass amendments to its heart's delight and bypass the ratification procedure entirely. If any of these becomes an active possibility—particularly the constitutional convention idea—we liberals might be happy for a reputation of particular probity and decorum when it comes to constitutional amendments.

It is also likely that the proposed extension would improve the odds on ratification not one whit. Proponents of the ERA contend that once a state legislature has endorsed a proposed constitutional amendment, it cannot change its mind. So far, the Justice Department has supported the position that rescissions are ineffective. But this position is harder to maintain if proponents of the amendment are allowed to extend the time limit indefinitely. It doesn't seem quite fair that one side can change its mind but the other cannot. It also undermines the apparent purpose of the ratification machinery that two-thirds of the states approve of a new amendment simultaneously. The Supreme Court has never squarely decided either the rescission question or the extension question. An attempt to extend the deadline may set the wheels in motion for a final decision on both these issues, and it may not be one ERA supporters will be pleased with. The mood of this country definitely has shifted—note the abortion battle in Congress—and the momentum of the ERA has been reversed. Surely it's at least as likely that a few more states might decide to rescind their approval if given seven more years and the right to do it, as it is that the legislatures of the Deep South and the Mormon West will collapse and pass the Amendment.

Finally, there is an elemental notion of fairness involved here. The seven-year period set for ratification of constitutional amendments is a neutral procedure, universally understood and applied and relied on by all sides. Because the rule is not demonstrably unfair, we suspect that changing it now would undermine support for ERA among the general public. Merely suggesting it is more ammunition in Phyllis Schlafly's arsenal. Constitutional provisions, especially ones with large symbolic content such as the ERA, cannot be made effective by courts alone. They require, if not the support, at least the acquiescence of people in general. That is unlikely to come if people feel the ERA has been "snuck through."

The 27th Amendment is not on the books right now primarily because right-thinking men never have accorded it a high priority. There are some highly placed male politicians in this country who have pledged to support the ERA, but who haven't done much more. Then too, it's a basic prescript of politics that you try to make it easy for a politician to deliver on his pledges, not more difficult, and the women's movement has gotten a little diffuse and distracted lately. For all the good spirit and consciousness raising that emerged from Houston, those who feared that a critical priority item like ERA might get lost in the expanding and shuffling priorities of the women's agenda were right.

There is nothing like a deadline to concentrate the mind, and ERA proponents of both sexes could use a dose of that right now. On balance, a seven-year extension seems a risky dodge. We're against it, and we hope the Congress will kill it early so it doesn't drain off energy, money and time that could be better spent elsewhere, in places like Georgia, Florida, North Carolina, Nevada and Illinois.

Protecting Steel

With an exquisite sense of timing, the president of the United States Steel Corporation told a reporter last week that he would have to raise prices very soon. Imports, he said, "ate our lunch this year." The story appeared in the *New York Times* the same morning the Carter administration made public its plan to help the American steel companies by raising new barriers against cheap steel imports. The plan was developed over the last two months under the direction of Undersecretary of the Treasury, Anthony Solomon. When he spoke to the press in the White House briefing room on December 6, Solomon refused to say how much his plan would cost in terms of new inflation or how many tons of foreign steel would be kept off the US market. Solomon cleverly dodged several other traps set for him by reporters. But he did assert that the new program was the "least inflationary" of all the alternatives.

Since the beginning of 1975, American steel companies have filed 19 charges of unfair competition against foreign steel makers. They charge that foreign competitors, and particularly the Japanese, receive special subsidies from their governments. Rather than cut back production in times when profits are low, the Americans claim, foreign mills continue to grind out steel and "dump" the unsold excess product on the US market at prices below the cost of production. The Treasury Department has the task of investigating

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these "dumping" charges and punishing the dumpers. The American companies maintain that the current system is ponderous and slow. Now the Carter administration has taken that criticism to heart.

Solomon told the press that it takes on the average 13 months to settle a dumping complaint today, but that when the issue is resolved, it can have tremendous impact on the business. Only one of the 19 complaints filed since 1975 has been resolved, and that one was decided in favor of the Americans. That ruling, according to Solomon, created such a feeling of uncertainty in the steel business that buyers have postponed making purchases. To speed up the process and to lend support to the American companies, the Treasury Department will now try to resolve all dumping claims in 60 to 90 days. The mechanism to be used is essentially a price floor. The Treasury has decided that Japan is the most efficient steel producer in the world, and therefore in the next few weeks Solomon will try to negotiate with Japan a minimum price for every kind of steel product sold in the US. Those prices, though arrived at through political bargaining, in theory will represent the true cost of producing steel in Japan. Any foreigner who sells steel in the US for less automatically will become the subject of a 60- to 90-day dumping investigation. Because the Treasury also intends to increase the penalties for dumping, Solomon's solution will effectively stop all imports that fall below the minimum price. Everything depends on where the price is set.

This solution is not a clean one: it diminishes the freedom of international trade and competition. Politics will now play a more important part in the steel business than it has in the past. But the Carter administration could not have done much less. Inaction in this case might have led to a destructive trade war between Japan and the US—not to mention further antipathy to President Carter on the part of the workers and bosses of the steel industry.

White House Watch

Happenings

President Carter concluded his August 4 announcement of his plans to reorganize the Central Intelligence Agency, the Defense Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency, the National Reconnaisance Office and other elements of the colossus known as "the intelligence community" with the confident promise that "these decisions will be embodied in a new executive order . . . as an interim measure until appropriate charter legislation can be introduced and enacted by Congress." He and others involved expected then that the executive order would be issued within a fortnight or so. After four months of drafting, redrafting and conflict between interested parties, principally among them Vice President Walter Mondale, Director of Central Intelligence Stansfield Turner, and Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, the order was under final review on December 7 by the President's deputy assistant for national security affairs, David Aaron, and just about ready for submission to Carter. Its history, like that of other items to be noted in this report, provides some insight into the way the Carter White House works in specific and often difficult situations.

Listing Mondale among the intelligence combatants may be a slight distortion. His first concern in the early stages was to minimize and when possible to conceal the jurisdictional conflict between Admiral Turner, to whom Carter in principle had granted authority over budgeting and resource allocation for all of the major intelligence agencies, civilian and military and of course including his own CIA, and Secretary Brown, to whom Carter left operational control of the military agencies. Turner and Harold Brown, who got his early Pentagon training under Robert McNamara when McNamara was teaching everybody within his reach, including Presidents John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, what civilian control of the military by a strong Secretary of Defense really meant, are implacable defenders and expanders of their respective turfs. During the preparation of the President's August statement and, even more fiercely, during the battle over the order that would implement the statement, Turner fought to maximize and Brown to minimize the grant of money power to Turner as DCI. Once that struggle was over, and it appears to have been resolved amicably, Mondale concerned himself mostly with sharpening, tightening and clarifying the executive order's restrictions upon what the various agencies might and might not be allowed to do in surveillance, covert operation and other activities that all too often had disgraced "the community" and abused basic rights. This inevitably brought him into some conflict with both Turner and Brown and their insistence, not upon freedom to be dirty, but upon their operational discretion. The Vice President had the assistance of two former associates and collaborators: David Aaron and Frederick A.O. Schwarz, Jr., who had been on the staff of Senator Frank Church's intelligence investigating committee when Senator Mondale was a ranking Democratic member and, during Church's abortive bid for the 1976 presidential nomination, the effective chairman. Schwarz, who returned to a New York law practice, has donated a lot of his time and expertise to Mondale. Aaron's immediate superior, national security assistant Zbigniew Brzezinski, oversaw a preliminary National Security Council study of the intelligence system for Carter and has sat with the President, Mondale and

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Turner at a weekly White House review of the whole foreign intelligence operation. But he delegated NSC oversight of the intelligence executive order largely to Aaron and, as we shall see, assigned at least one other matter so completely to Aaron that Brzezinski didn't know what was going on in his own back yard.

All the while the permanent successor to the Church-Mondale committee, the Senate Committee on Intelligence under Daniel K. Inouye of Hawaii, and a subcommittee under Walter Huddleston of Kentucky, were working out legislation that to a considerable extent will eventually supersede the executive order. Carter's August division of authority between Turner and Brown was a fundamental change, cleared in advance with the Huddleston subcommittee, and the legislation yet to come from the whole committee probably will leave it pretty much intact. The crucial question is to what extent the pending executive order and the final legislation, as written by the Inouye committee and put through the Senate-House grinder, will complement each other and to what extent the legislation will preserve, negate or neutralize the oversight control so prayerfully nurtured by Mondale. Apart from the reallocation of top authority and the tightened controls, in fact, the Carter package actually constitutes a lot of tinkering and relatively little basic change in the intelligence reorganization instituted by Gerald Ford on February 17, 1976. Much of the hassling over the executive order amounts to more tinkering. Carter, never one to understate the changes he proposes and brings about, won't be emphasizing this aspect of the business, that's for sure.

Another complicated organizational imbroglio has brought Secretary Brown into direct conflict with the presidency and, in some degree, with Carter himself. Brown has largely won. But the President and his instrument in the affair, his cherished Reorganization Project in the Office of Management and Budget, can't be said to have lost, either. This has to do with three studies of defense resource management, the entire Defense Department management structure including the office of the Secretary, and the national military command structure headed up and dominated since the passage of the 1947 National Security Act by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Most of the little media attention accorded the matter has gone to the suggestion, which is brutally explicit in "issue papers" prepared by the President's people at OMB, that maybe the four chiefs of the Army, Air Force, Navy and Marines shouldn't also comprise the Joint Chiefs of Staff as such. It's an important question, there are good arguments on both sides and it has aroused passions within the Pentagon and throughout the country. But the significant issue, insofar as the working of the Presidency goes, is who runs the studies. They were proposed by three of the President's men at OMB—reorganization director Harrison Wellford; his deputy, a professional student of policy processes and writer about the same, Peter Szanton; and former OMB Director Bert Lance, who has gone from the OMB though not from the intimacy and confidence of Jimmy Carter. Carter told Brown in a memo dated September 20 and sent to the Secretary after weeks of infighting that he was to direct the DOD studies but that the master plan for them "should be consistent with the government-wide reorganization effort . . . and should provide for the participation of my Reorganization Project staff throughout the review." As soon as Brown and OMB had agreed on a mutually satisfactory study plan, Carter said, "I will make a public announcement of the study." Carter did not announce the study. Brown did, simultaneously making public the OMB "issue papers" that Wellford and Szanton had expected to remain private documents. It was Brown's way of shoving the White House and OMB as far away as possible, which wasn't nearly as far away as he would have liked. Brown in his announcement didn't mention the fact that Brzezinski had quietly seen to it that NSC staffers should also participate in and watch over the DOD studies. The issue papers are so simply worded as to seem downright childish, a circumstance that added to their abrasive effect upon Brown and the DOD military. Their simplicity was intended. They were modelled on the issue papers that Carter demanded and prized when he was Governor of Georgia. He likes simple definitions of problems and, within attainable limits, simple solutions. Wellford and Szanton discussed the final Carter memo with the President and Deputy Secretary Charles W. Duncan before it went to Brown. Szanton and a couple of staff assistants discussed the choices of people to head the three studies with Duncan and found them all to be not only acceptable but excellent. At this writing, peace is said to reign.

What Carter proudly calls "my Reorganization" is quite an operation. In early December 129 full-time employees, including 40 people recruited from outside government for the project, and between 150 and 175 detailees from various departments and agencies—the number varies with need from week to week—were at work on 27 projects under Wellford, Szanton and Associate OMB Director Wayne Granquist, a Norwalk, Connecticut banker who joined OMB last April. There were 1000 applications for the 40 new jobs. Szanton and his assistants specialize in organizations and structure, Granquist in methodology and management. In addition, a small staff under Richard Pettigrew, a former Florida legislator and Carter campaign supporter who relishes the title of Assistant to the President for Reorganization, promotes the operation with Congress, with various interest groups and with the public. Thereby hangs a tale. It is not intended to reflect upon Pettigrew, who is pleasant and is said to be an able fellow, but it is funny. Pettigrew's title, plus widespread ignorance about the whole subject among the media, nourishes the notion that he runs the

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operation. Articles in the current *Atlantic Monthly* and in a recent *Washington Post* solemnly and lengthily perpetuate this error. Somebody at the top of Carter's senior White House staff recruited Pettgrew under the mistaken impression that he *was* to run it. Lance, Wellford and Szanton ran it when Pettigrew joined up; Wellford, Szanton and Acting OMB Director James T. McIntyre, Jr., a Georgian (naturally) whom Carter would name permanent director if he had the sense he is supposed to have, run the Reorganization Project—period.

Pettigrew, who will never be accused of a lack of enthusiasm, has sent thousands of letters to state and local governments, labor and civic and other "interest groups," and the chief executives of 1200 corporations, asking them to lend talented people to the project (at the donor organizations' expense) for from three to six months. Lance was originally supposed to sign the letters, but by the time they were mailed he was ceasing to be considered an asset. The letters were sent partly to meet an agreed need, partly to generate interest in and support for Reorganization. One gathers, however, that Wellford, Szanton, Granquist and Pettigrew himself would be appalled if anywhere near the number of solicited outfits responded with volunteers. About 500 of the corporations have said sorry, no thanks. The expectation is that about 20 percent of all the solicited organizations will come up with one or more bodies. Some of them will be let down when they discover, as they don't seem to have been told, that what is sought is a pool of potential short-time helpers rather than people with spots awaiting them. That, I regret to report, is about par for the Carter personnel operation, partly because the President simply refuses to grant anybody adequate authority over it.

Let a revealing indicator of the times spice this account. Szanton has been looking and looking for somebody to head up his study of foreign policy and national security organization, including the NSC. A.D. Frazier, Jr., an Atlanta banker who proved to be extremely proficient at the head of Carter's first reorganization study—of his own Executive Office—had been picked to head the foreign policy-national security study, a project which Brzezinski had technically approved but let David Aaron "sign off" on. Brzezinski learned that the study would include his NSC system only after a reporter brought the fact to his attention. Frazier returned to Atlanta banking when his friend Bert Lance resigned under duress. That's by the way. The indicative circumstance is that Szanton in his search for a replacement for Frazier has found that there is what Szanton calls "a missing generation" of young, talented defense and foreign policy analysts. The 1960s, it appears to him, simply didn't breed them, if you exclude brassheads and rightwing kooks of a sort he abhors. Szanton admits that his standards in his own field may be impractically high. Even so, at this writing he hasn't found anybody who suits him for a three-year assignment—the present and future studies will last at least that long—that ought to excite and attract youngish specialists, at salaries that in today's government and White House can run over $40,000 and even $50,000. The new director of the Presidential personnel office is Jim Gammill, age 24, Harvard '75, present salary around $37,000, due to rise toward the $51,000 paid his predecessor, an old wreck in his early 30s.

We conclude with my periodic essay upon the situation and mood at the top of the White House staff. The mood in essence is one of belief that some fairly important changes ought to be made, not in personnel but in organization, and a forlorn near-certainty that Carter is not going to make the changes that some (by no means all) of his senior people think would improve the presidential performance. I could be mistaken about this, of course. But it seems to me that a remarkable assemblage of distinguished pundits continue to confuse what a few Carter assistants think should be done with what Carter is minded to do. They don't perceive that very, very few of this very private President's assistants and associates have the foggiest notion of how his mind is really running and what he really intends. Charles Kirbo of Atlanta, Carter's long-time friend, in a sense his original discoverer as a politician, and the person who probably is closer to the President than any other human being excepting Rosalynn Carter, should have laid the rumors of impending substantial change to rest the other day with his flat statement to a group of Washington reporters that Carter is not going to have a chief of staff and is not going to disperse or dilute the flock of Georgians who surround him and dominate his White House to the limited extent that anybody other than Jimmy Carter dominates it. A favored notion is that Hamilton Jordan, the nearest equivalent to a staff chief (nearer, as I've written, than is generally realized) is bored with his job and doesn't think he's capable of being a real chief of staff and looks forward to being replaced by Robert Strauss, a talented self-promoter and politician who beyond doubt is high in Carter's esteem. Strauss brings to Carter's service a Washington and political experience that none of Carter's other intimates offer and that Carter doesn't offer himself. Jordan likes his job and anybody who endangered it would be in serious personal and career danger. Jordan also is certain that he could be a

Coming Next Week:

John Osborne on the resurrection of Robert Strauss.

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masterful chief of staff if Carter wanted a chief of staff. Strauss, a former Democratic National Committee treasurer and chairman from Texas who was on many Carterites' pre-election dump list, is not above pretending to knock down rumors that he hopes are correct. In this instance, though, he knows Jimmy Carter and the Carter White House well enough to know that the speculation about his coming in as chief of staff is utter rot. He's headed up in this administration, but not in that direction.

Note: Zbigniew Brzezinski takes extraordinary care to be sure a Carter won't be using the White House tennis court when Zbiggy wants to play. But he doesn't always check personally with Carter, as I recently reported in error.

John Osborne

Borders, II

East-West

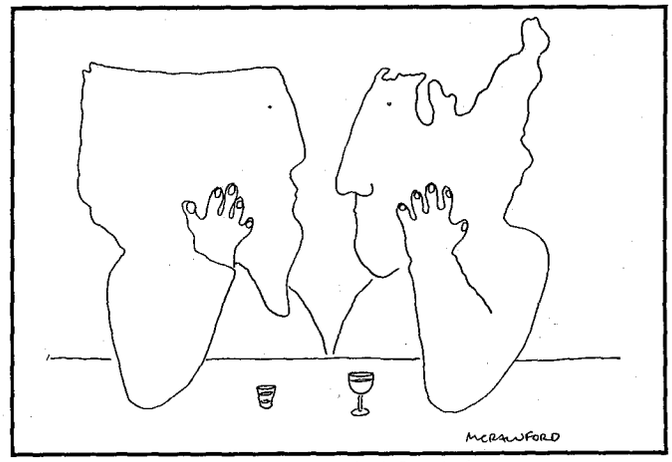
The border has never been invisible. The first frightened farmers crawling out of Kansas could feel it there ahead of them even before it broke the horizon, a vast chilling presence that would mark the end of the worn contours they left behind. They starved and murdered and literally ate one another to get across it. And the Rocky Mountains remain one of history's indelible boundaries.

All the rustic debates about what is east and west in America eventually splinter against the mountains. On the surface the two sides of the frontier are stamped with the same relentless mass conformity; and both the plains and the south, spongy yet proud buffer zones, cling to some folk identity. But it is the mountains, rising in Canada and heaved south to the Mexican border, that still wall off palpable differences of life and power in this country.

Few borders at any rate have been assaulted with such militant parody, alarm and ignorance by both literature and journalism. When John Updike's sexually feral New England clergyman is punished in *A Month of Sundays,* he is banished to one of those western states (what worse?) which is recognizably "large and square and holds one refugee asthmatic and three drunken Indians in a Ford pickup per square mile." When E.L. Doctorow evokes the eastern corporate madness of the Rosenberg affair in *The Book of Daniel,* he provides an even more sinister and contemporary portrait for the other side of the Continent: a macrocephalic, "totalitarian" Disneyland, where "the problems of mass ingress and egress seem to have been solved . . . to a degree that would light admiration in the eyes of an SS transport officer." The revulsion is not eastern provincial. Malibu's own Joan Didion produces novels and columns for *Esquire* reassuring even the most exhausted easterners that the Coast is still a soulless wasteland populated mainly by hallucinating women between the ages of 30 and 35. And as for educating the masses, there is always Joseph Kraft excitedly discovering that Denver has tall buildings, or Evans and Novak canvassing Marin County housewives who sound suspiciously like those in Falls Church or Scarsdale. Among both the brilliant and the banal purveyors of American imagery, the west often looms as a distant, bleak, imitative province, generally to be avoided for all but cigarette ads and Secretaries of the Interior.

For years, the west's only revenge was to export back across the border the native hedonism symbolized by southern California. Western "lifestyle" has always been more fashionable than living in the west. Witness now the "new" *New York Times* and *The Washington Post/Star* as they strain to gratify their otherwise beleaguered readers with how-to manuals on the good life—the bland middle class lusts for food and flowers and station wagon fun that have long been the staples of *Sunset* and the *Los Angeles Times* in more compatible climes. And lately, of course, California has taken the lead in statistics as well as suburban tastes. It is not only the wealthiest state; it is richest in population and electoral votes. But the power of the west in national terms is more subtle than some balance of money and people, and the potential political clash of the two cultures is more important than differences in garden growing seasons.

The hedonism and esthetic desolation of the west are real enough. Though there are stark contrasts within the area beyond the Rockies, money rules there as wastefully and tastelessly as anywhere else. From New Mexico to Oregon, the poorer, less populous states resist becoming quaint local replicas of California's



Drawing by Michael Crawford

sprawl, but the pressures of "development" are relentless, and probably inexorable. It may matter less what the west is or becomes, however, than how it sees itself. The distinction begins with the geography. The

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natural mystery of the region does not lie in some primeval attachment to the earth, so much of it barren in its abundance and beauty. What possesses the farmers' heirs on the other side of the mountain border is the sky. Flying east from Denver, the towns then cities thicken like toadstools with a diminishing sense of place and control. Yet behind the Rockies there is suddenly a fresh awareness of horizons, and an almost primitive confidence at having settled and subdued a largely forbidding landscape. Even southern California, in its gaudy concrete, exists on borrowed water from the Colorado River that is a bold if temporary defiance of the desert. Against that sky, on the receiving end of such majestic engineering—as Democratic politicians have rarely fathomed—it is still possible to have faith in the soured theologies of initiative and growth. And it is that faith, or illusion, that suggests the deeper political difference between east and west.

Whether because of regional ideology or some more ordinary Darwinism, the west may just be the country's last refuge from the grip of organization. Corporate power is in evidence everywhere, of course, from the energy-booming slopes of Colorado to the Pacific, but somehow it has not yet fastened the same hold so evident in the east. As no other Americans, westerners remain doggedly entrepreneurial. Los Angeles, the capital of the region's wealth and politics, is uniquely a city of individual fixers, a legion who cut deals by phone from home offices and small suites. The beckoning myth of individualism is still alive too in the already enormous power California wields in music and television, the endless stream of lyrics and scripts which mindlessly celebrate fantasies of private power for a nation that has lost it. If the west's force once lay in a national yearning for tepid weather and easy money, its new appeal may be to the old, surrendered dream of running one's own life.

In a sense, that is why the image of Berkeley—for so many in the eastern elite the only known terrain of the west—is so misleading. A classic organization, the west's great university borrowed both its corporate vices and its anxious radicalism from the east, and meanwhile sent back across the border a jaded generation of scholars and journalists who missed what was at once vulgar and different and perhaps promising about the vast region on whose edge they had lived.

Inevitably, the west's new wealth and political power have been wed to its old animus against the governance of the organization men of New York and Washington. The real drive for national power will come not with rootless derelicts like Nixon or Reagan, but with far more skilled, homegrown pretenders like Jerry Brown, who understand that they must play the organization game at least long enough to seize both party and office. The interesting question is whether the west's comparative freedom from the corporate ethic would then shape a new kind of government—an authentic new populism in the White House—or merely genuine demagoguery. Both prospects are implicit in the bravado and impatience and power of the west. It is a region awaiting its turn with all the parvenu's or exile's fascination and resentment at the current regime. Once in Washington, the confident California and mountain fixers could well discover that the power was too handy to dismantle, the bureaucracies of Congress and the executive already immune to fresh faiths, let alone the necessary purge. But then what if in a naive moment with rowdy new westerners who believe they built their own world, the old-boy government of safety, routine and parochial interest were suddenly lifted? What if policy were bounded *only* by a brash sense of what we *could* do with the desert landscape of our national politics?

Sooner or later, it seems clear, the west will have its chance, if not with Jerry Brown then with some other politician who will spring the crouching power of the region. They will arrive in Washington—fresh, self-assured, perhaps a final chance to come to terms with what we have become. In any case, we will soon wish we knew more than angry or flimsy stereotypes about the other side of our mountain border.

Roger Morris

We have tried welfare reform,
and it works.

No Long Delay Needed

Senator Russell B. Long of Louisiana always has been skeptical of establishing a guaranteed minimum income for families. During the 1970 hearings on President Nixon's proposal to scrap the welfare system and substitute a guaranteed minimum income, Long seemed more concerned about finding workers for low-paying jobs. "I can't get anybody to iron my shirts," he shouted to a witness at one point. Then as now, Long was chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, which considers welfare legislation. This year, knowing the importance of Long's support, President Carter's assistants at HEW and the Labor Department tried to accommodate Senator Long when they drafted a new welfare reform program. At Long's insistence, Carter's plan includes a tough work requirement that even applies to mothers with children as young as six.

Yet Long is still skeptical. He has decided that the Carter program, which is now before a special House Subcommittee on Welfare Reform, needs testing. Like Nixon, Carter wants a guaranteed income and mandatory work requirements, but he also would add 1.4 million public service jobs. Long is afraid that the guaranteed income will increase people's dependence

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on welfare, will reduce the incentive to work and will cause costs to skyrocket beyond the administration's estimates. And he is wary about the possibility of fraud in allowing poor people to report their incomes on a monthly form as Carter proposes, instead of the current system requiring semi-annual or quarterly interviews with welfare administrators. Consequently Long has proposed that a demonstration project be run for a few years before Congress decides whether to enact the Carter plan nationwide.

Most liberals see demonstration projects as a delaying tactic. But Long points to medicaid and social security disability insurance as examples of programs whose costs and problems have exploded since their inception. Given the unexpected difficulties of these and other recent programs, the idea of testing a new welfare system makes sense. But in fact the government has been testing welfare reform plans similar to Carter's for nine years, and most of the results are now in.

Since 1968, HEW and the Office of Economic Opportunity have spent $90 million on welfare experiments at several locations: Trenton, Paterson, Passaic and Jersey City, New Jersey; Scranton, Pennsylvania; Gary, Indiana; Seattle, Denver, rural Iowa, and rural North Carolina. In each experiment, the procedures were about the same. Several hundred randomly selected, low-income families were enrolled in a guaranteed minimum income plan for three years (in a few cases, for five years). Many families had both a husband and a wife present, but were still poor. If the family's monthly income fell below a certain level, the government made up the difference. And if a family member went to work, the government took away less than a dollar in benefits for each dollar earned, leaving the family with a net gain from working. In addition, a control group of several hundred other families were followed but were given no new benefits. The experimental system closely resembled the Carter proposal, except that there was no mandatory work requirement and there were no public service jobs available.

The experiments were run by social scientists who wanted to know what happens when you give poor families a guaranteed income. Do workers quit their jobs and live off the dole? Do unemployed people take the time and trouble to look for a new job? According to the experiments, the answer is that even with a guaranteed income, poor people worked nearly as hard as ever. Husbands reduced their work effort by only a few percentage points, as did women heading one-parent families. Wives in two-parent families reduced their work efforts somewhat more—by perhaps 10 to 30 percent.

Overall, the message of the experiments is that poor people want to work, and they will continue to want to work even with a guaranteed income. According to the experiments, a guaranteed income, like the one Carter is proposing, won't significantly increase welfare dependency. And those who are concerned about the supply of low-wage labor needn't worry—there still will be plenty of people available to iron Senator Long's shirts.

The experiments also showed that another part of the Carter proposal, monthly self-reporting of income, is feasible. Families in the experiments filled out monthly income reports and received monthly checks. Tests showed that instead of increasing fraud, this procedure caused families to report income more accurately than under the present method of semi-annual or quarterly interviews. Presumably, the monthly reports are more accurate because family members don't have to remember as far back. And the self-report method seems to cost no more to administer than the present method, even with audits of suspicious and randomly selected statements.

In addition, the experiments had some social benefits. Teenagers in experimental families in New Jersey and Gary stayed in school longer, and younger children in the North Carolina families did better in school. Some of the families maintained more nutritious diets, and women in high-risk pregnancies—those who smoke, teenagers, older women—gave birth to healthier babies. Other families moved to better apartments or purchased homes. In Gary, the families said they preferred the guaranteed income plan to the current welfare system by a two-to-one margin.

On the other hand, the experiments showed that one supposed benefit of the Carter program—keeping families intact—probably will not materialize. Under the present rules, a father usually must leave his family in order for his wife and children to be eligible for welfare. The President's proposal would make intact two-parent families eligible for payments. But the experimental families in Seattle and Denver, where two-parent families could receive aid, had even higher rates of divorce and separation than the control families. The reason is that the guaranteed income plan, like the present system, gives wives an independent source of income. If their marriages turn sour, wives can leave and take part of their payments with them. No welfare reform plan is likely to reduce marital break-up among the poor until the poor husbands are better able to find jobs to provide for their families.

Which brings us to the only part of the President's plan which hasn't been tested—public service jobs. The administration's proposal would require the main wage earner in each family to work. And if he or she couldn't find a job, he or she would be required to take one of the 1.4 million public service jobs the government would create. After a year of public service work and job training, workers would be sent back to the job market for another look. As an incentive to find a job, payments would be set in such a way that workers in private-sector jobs always would earn more than those in public

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service jobs.

None of the experiments included public service jobs, so no one knows how well this scheme will work. Given the government's mixed record in job training and creation, many people are unsure of our ability to create so many jobs so fast. Here, then, is one area in which a pilot program still might be warranted. But the administration's welfare reform bill allows time for this. As it is now written, the bill provides for three years between passage of the legislation and full implementation, provided that Congress acts in 1978. That should be plenty of time for the federal government and the states to assess various methods of employment and training and to check new administrative procedures. The Department of Labor already is designing tests for this interim.

As for the other provisions of the bill, they have been tested enough for Congress to proceed. After nine years and $90 million of experiments, the guaranteed income idea hardly can be called untried. We know from the welfare experiments that a welfare system based on a guaranteed income is manageable, that it will improve the lives of many poor families, and that it won't disrupt our economy. If we believe that this system is an improvement over the present one, then we should go ahead, without a Long delay.

Andrew Cherlin

Andrew Cherlin teaches social relations at Johns Hopkins.

Now it's a battle line.

The Color Line

Johannesburg

More clearly than ever before, the battle line between white and black has been drawn in South Africa. The overwhelming white vote in the November 30 election for Prime Minister John Vorster's National Party ensures this. A color line always has been there, of course. Since the coming of whites in 1652, racial division and conflict have existed. That is what South Africa is all about. But until very recently, hope remained that the estrangement could be ended, that the color line would not become a battle line but could be crossed so that an interracial future for all South Africans could be brought about.

For many years the black-white issue was obscured by what became known as the Boer-Brit conflict—the struggle for supremacy among the whites between the Afrikaners, of Dutch descent, and those of English-speaking stock, chiefly of British descent. This began at the start of the 19th century when England took occupation of the cape at the southern edge of South Africa. It received fresh momentum and passion with the British defeat of the Afrikaners in the Anglo-Boer war at the start of the 20th century. The Afrikaners doggedly went on, and finally came to political power in 1948. Since then, Afrikaners also have breached the economic hold of the English speakers.

November 30 saw a major step toward blurring the traditional line between the Boers and the Brits. Vorster's election triumph—134 out of 164 parliamentary seats—was only possible because many English speakers supported him. They did so in the first place because the Nationalists wanted it so. For much of their 29 years in office, the Nationalists went their own Afrikaner way, consolidating the 1948 election victory and indeed deliberately seeking to perpetuate their group "purity" by insisting on greater separation between Afrikaans- and English-speaking children at schools, stressing the use of the Afrikaans language and applying exclusivist policies wherever possible. Only in recent years has this begun to change and the Nationalists ceased keeping English-speakers at arm's length. At first, the change in attitude was seen in tokens such as one English speaker in the cabinet. Then, finally, in this election, there was an all-out campaign to woo the English.

The Nationalists have done this because they feel strong enough to do it: they are totally in command of the government, the civil service, the police, the army, the educational system and the radio and television network; and they exercise considerable control over the economy. They no longer fear losing their identity to the English-speaking population. But, paradoxically, they have also been forced into pitching their appeal to the English because of the smallness of their numbers: they form 60 percent of the four-and-a-half million whites. Even before the election they were being pushed toward this by South Africa's internal stresses and the developing threat, to whites, of black demands. Now they cannot help themselves—not with the greater-than-ever pressures from the world and with worse obviously to come. "National unity" is therefore now the cry. Stand together. The world is asking us to commit racial suicide. They want our destruction. Resist. Tell them to go to hell.

Many English speakers have gone along with this. They have never felt more insecure than they do now, more worried, about being able to maintain their privileged position as whites. Together with Afrikaners, the English are responding to the internal and external pressures with a mixture of bravado, fear, smugness, anxiety and snarling truculence. Not all the English, however, have succumbed. Among some, dislike and distrust of Afrikanerdom remain. Many, many thousands of others, particularly among the professional and business people, reject the entire Nationalist creed and want to see progress towards a

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multiracial, shared South Africa. The support of these people, and of some Afrikaners also, went to the Progressive Federal Party, (the "Progfeds"), best known for its member of parliament, Mrs. Helen Suzman. For 13 years, Suzman was the party's only lonely representative in Parliament. Then, at the previous general election in 1974, the party gained another six seats. Still more came in the succeeding years as a result of breakaways from the centrist United Party. Last week, the Progfeds held 17 seats, thus becoming the official opposition in parliament. The election picture was completed by the elimination of the extreme right wing among Afrikaners (those who accuse the Nationalists of doing too much for blacks), and the effective destruction of the center, with two separate rumps of the United Party holding onto a total of 13 seats. Both these latter groups are likely to merge into the Nationalists and the Progfeds. Thus the realignment in white politics, with a polarization between the Nationalists and those who oppose them. Those few whites who are determinedly nonracial and integrationist in their outlook do not even figure except as Progfed supporters.

With the sort of majority that he has racked up, Vorster can safely do virtually as he pleases. The Nationalists will forge ahead with apartheid, or "separate development" as it is officially called: partition, with a white South Africa occupying 86 percent of the country and nine black tribal states, the Bantustans, in the remaining less than 14 percent. Transkei was the first Bantustan to obtain independence, in October last year. On December 6, Bophuthatswana became the second. Those who might have believed that a stronger-than-ever Nationalist government would feel itself able to lead whites into basic changes will be disappointed. Government spokesmen have been quick to make clear that adjustments are possible but no radical changes are even being considered. It was well put by Dr. Connie Mulder, the powerful Transvaal leader of the National Party who is also Minister of the Interior and Information: "The National Party has received a mandate to carry out its policy," he said. "It must not be expected of us to carry out the policies of the other parties."

Some diminution in the cruder aspects of apartheid can be expected. After years-long exposure and attack, Afrikaner leaders have become touchy about the grosser and more visible effects of their ideology. There is fervent talk about doing away with racial discrimination and certainly much of it is well meant. A certain amount actually is being done to remove some of the racial barriers carefully erected, by the Nationalists themselves, during the past quarter century. But with all this, the constant emphasis is that everything must happen within the framework of separate development. As the essence of the ideology is racist, that immediately puts a low ceiling on the extent to which discrimination can be removed.

Coming:

Pretenders to the Throne.

The Nationalists also can draw comfort from the fact that white support for them was unaffected by the two and a half weeks of evidence heard during the Steve Biko inquest, with the horrific stories about the behavior of the security police and doctors. Whites endorse the government's authoritarian action in October of banning newspapers and 18 organizations as part of its clampdown on black consciousness. Within two days of the election, Vorster was warning that urban terrorism had come to stay, adding ominously: "We will have to take certain drastic measures to contain and to curb it." Even harder times can be expected by those who oppose the government too much. And the English-language press in particular is likely to feel the whip. Internationally, the Nationalists are digging in to withstand the worst, whether it comes by way of censure or sanctions. Whatever constraints they might have felt in the past about the effects of their actions on world opinion will be substantially reduced. Nationalist emotions, and those of most whites, are so high that they are almost past caring what the world thinks of them, so convinced are they of the rightness of their policies and the sheer unfairness of the way in which they are viewed abroad.

But however significant last week's election in confirming the pattern of white thinking, it was monumentally irrelevant for the simple reason that the majority of South Africans were not involved in it. That of course is nothing new in South Africa. But on this occasion, more so than at any time in the past, the total exclusion of blacks, who are 80 percent of the population, made it a thoroughly bizarre event, unrelated to reality. The election was about blacks and about white and black relations, but no blacks were allowed to vote! And it was held in the aftermath of the Soweto upsurge of last year with black anger and dissatisfaction a continuing and daily fact of life.

Vast forces are building up as the black majority stirs and begins to flex its muscles. Black schooling has been in chaos with tens of thousands of children boycotting their classes. On the eve of the election, the security police said that the toll of violent political incidents in black townships had been reduced to one or two a day from the previous 20 to 30 a day. But this can hardly be said to be the end of black resistance. Nearly 700 blacks are estimated to be in jail. They are being held incommunicado, indefinitely, without trial. Court prosecutions under terrorism, sabotage and other

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"security" laws continue incessantly. Hundreds of whites and blacks live under arbitrary restriction orders which severely curtail their personal liberty.

Little of this was apparent in the election, apart from the warnings of "change or else" repeatedly sounded by the opposition press and the Progfeds during the campaigning. In a sense, whites voted as they did in reaction to the looming perils, rushing to seek the protection of the strong government which the Nationalists promise them. In another sense, they behaved and voted as though there were no black ferment and no peril. A consequence of the white vote is that it must inevitably be taken by blacks as final proof, if any were still needed, that whites are determined to follow their own path without heeding black protest and demands. What it means is that white power is firmly set on a road that leads to confrontation with black power. South Africa now enters its real struggle: black versus white. It is not something that will be resolved overnight: white power is colossal. Spurred by the election result, the government will not hesitate to apply this power to protect its own. But whenever the battle happens, the line is now drawn. It is very sad. South Africa need not have come to this.

Benjamin Pogrund

Benjamin Pogrund is deputy editor of the *Rand Daily Mail*.

That's Ian Smith,
but he's still the man to talk to.

The Devil Himself

What happened at Chimoio and Tembue on Saturday, November 27—reported by the Rhodesian government as a raid on a "guerrilla camp" that killed 1200 "guerrillas"—was not an act of war: it was a cold-blooded massacre of black Rhodesian men, women and children. The names of these two villages in Mozambique belong in a list with Lidice, Katyn, Babi Yar, My Lai and other horrors of our time.

The disciplined Rhodesian forces of Ian Smith's regime had total military control over the two camps near Chimoio and Tembue, occupied mainly by refugees, but they made no effort to distinguish between guerrillas and civilians: all were indiscriminately raked by automatic fire, including children in classrooms and at home with their mothers. Imagine the effect on white Rhodesians (and on white Americans, for that matter) if the situation had been reversed: if it were black guerrillas who had brutally slaughtered a thousand or so white Rhodesian men, women and children.

It might have been supposed that at a time when power is fast slipping from the hands of white Rhodesians, they would be concerned to avoid any action that might cause permanent embitterment of the black majority. But Rhodesia's white leadership seems to have learned nothing at all from the misfortunes of the past 12 years they have spent fruitlessly trying to impose permanent minority rule. In fact there is a brutal logic in Ian Smith's decision to strike his murderous blow on the very eve of his negotiations to achieve an internal settlement of the Rhodesian crisis. Having persuaded a number of by no means unimportant black Rhodesian leaders to negotiate directly with him—thereby bypassing the channels opened up by the Anglo-American initiative—he needs to achieve two quick results. He must show that he is still capable of negotiating from a position of some strength; and he must weaken the military capability of the Patriotic Front in order to minimize any challenge they could offer to whatever settlement might be reached without their participation.

But why should any self-respecting Zimbabwean (black Rhodesian) still be willing to sit around the same table with Smith? The answer to this question also has a brutal logic about it: it is the only way some Zimbabwean leaders see of bringing a quick end to white rule and of cutting short the violent struggle. To achieve this result they are willing to talk to the devil himself. There also is a second reason: the moderate blacks who have agreed to negotiate see the negotiations as an opportunity to get ahead in the bitter power struggle among the black nationalists which characterizes the end of the era of white Rhodesia and the coming of an independent Zimbabwe.

This power struggle has not yet degenerated into open civil war, but the conditions for such a fateful conflict already exist. Those black leaders who have agreed to negotiate with Smith seem to be sincerely convinced that the only way of averting a civil war is to create conditions for free elections based on one-man, one-vote—the concession they have already wrung from Smith as the prerequisite for their willingness to talk. If their negotiations were successful, they believe, the power struggle could be finally settled through the ballot box.

This view is totally rejected by the Zimbabwe Patriotic Front, which controls most of the guerrillas. This group believes that an internal settlement, reached without themselves, would only widen the conflict in the black camp. They completely mistrust the Smith regime and also look upon the negotiators as "opportunistic stooges" seeking to obstruct the struggle for genuine independence. And they stand ready to fight a "stooge black government" as resolutely as they fight the Smith regime.

Let me try to clarify some of the issues raised by these arguments. First, is Ian Smith to be trusted? Nothing in

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his past record suggests that he should be believed. But Smith is becoming increasingly irrelevant. He still retains enough military power to delay independence, but he already has lost the political initiative—hence his abdication over the vital principle of majority rule. Having led white Rhodesians to the brink of disaster, he is now mainly concerned with obtaining honorable terms for surrender of their power or built-in guarantees for their minority rights in an independent Zimbabwe. Despite all that has happened—and perhaps because of it—nobody can seriously question the need for white Rhodesians to safeguard their future under majority rule. But no guarantees will be worth the paper they are written on unless the Zimbabwe leaders

Ian Smith by András Goldinger

who provide them will be in a position to command majority support after independence. Are the men who have agreed to negotiate with Smith likely to win in the end?

Of those who are involved in the negotiations, it is easy to dismiss Chief Chirau and his fellow chiefs in the Zimbabwe United People's Organisation. But it is not possible simply to write off committed men like Bishop Abel Muzorewa, James Chikerema, George Nyandoro (all from the United African National Council), or the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, who leads one wing of the Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU). The last three helped to launch the armed struggle. Do they in any sense represent the majority of their people today? This question can be answered accurately only through free elections. But no elections will be convincing unless they also include the external forces of the Patriotic Front. In the end, the only test of success of any settlement—whether achieved internally or through external pressures—will be whether it is approved through free elections open to all political elements. Any other method will almost certainly lead to a civil war.

The Patriotic Front insists that no free elections are possible so long as the Smith regime retains any semblance of power. That is why they insist on his complete abdication as a precondition for any settlement. But even if he did abdicate, would the Patriotic Front agree to holding free elections before independence? The failure of the Front to provide an unequivocal answer to this question has seriously obstructed the progress of the Anglo-American initiative, and is a major factor in the decision of Bishop Muzorewa's group to attempt an internal settlement.

Both Britain and the United States insist that they will not be parties to any settlement that does not provide for free elections before independence. They are surely right to uphold this democratic test, which also has the support of the front-line African states (Tanzania, Zambia, Mozambique, Botswana and Angola). President Kaunda of Zambia at one time doubted the practicability of holding free elections before independence, but he has now come around to accepting the position of his fellow front-line presidents.

Everything therefore seems to hinge on the intentions of the leaders of the Patriotic Front—Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe. Yet the Front never has been united, except in its commitment to armed struggle to achieve genuine independence. Nkomo and Mugabe are themselves the keenest rivals for power. It is only the power struggle among the nationalists that still prevents a quick end to the Smith regime. Smith has been sufficiently intelligent to exploit this weakness, to divide his black opposition by negotiating with one side only.

It is merely pious to hold up one's hands in horror and to say that the black leaders, for the sake of their freedom, ought to stop quarreling among themselves and to unite on the eve of their victory. Independence struggles have a history of producing power struggles. For example, it was the case with the Jews in Israel. The late Ben Gurion went so far as to order his troops to open fire against a munitions ship belonging to Menachem Begin's Irgun. There are, in fact, very few examples of a liberation movement achieving a unified leadership before independence. So the Zimbabwean leadership is simply following a well-trod path. There is no reason to think they will come together to deliver Rhodesia from its impasse by designating any one of their number as the accepted leader. Either they will

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fight it out violently among themselves, or they will fight it out in an election campaign.

That is why the only sensible policy is to encourage any form of negotiations that offers a chance of free elections. If the present negotiations for an internal settlement produce early results, it is by no means unlikely that Joshua Nkomo might be drawn into the talks at a later stage. In fact, there are some signs that secret negotiations may already be going on in London to bring Nkomo into the negotiations. Surprises cannot be ruled out. But nor can the danger of a cruel civil war be ignored.

Colin Legum

Colin Legum is associate editor of *The Observer* of London.

Losing the propaganda war.

The Assault on SALT

by Morton Kondracke

Nuclear agreements with the Soviet Union used to be politically popular in the United States. In 1963, John F. Kennedy's atmospheric test ban treaty was ratified by the Senate, 80-19. The nuclear issue helped Lyndon Johnson trounce Barry Goldwater in 1964. In 1968, Richard Nixon got elected declaring (in spite of the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia) that the era of confrontation with the Soviet Union had given way to an era of negotiation. Nixon got re-elected four years later at least partly on the strength of his visit to Moscow, his policy of detente, his SALT I accord, his anti-ballistic missile agreement, his promise of a "generation of peace." Gerald Ford reached an agreement at Vladivostok in 1974 that he claimed would put a "cap" on the arms race. He probably would have signed a new SALT treaty with Leonid Brezhnev but for the 1976 Republican challenge from Ronald Reagan and his right-wing rejection front. Jimmy Carter campaigned on both sides of detente. "I support the objectives," he told the Democratic Platform Committee, but he said detente had been "exploited by the Soviet Union." In the end, he rejected "the strident and bellicose voices of those who would have this country return to the days of the Cold War" and he promised "hard bargaining" for weapons ceilings lower than those Ford had agreed to.

Early next year, probably in March and probably at a summit conference with Leonid Brezhnev, President Carter will formally unveil the product of his efforts. Owing to leaks—first, reportedly, from Carter's own national security adviser and then from his critics—the outline and many of the details of the anticipated SALT II agreement already are known, and the pact has become the focus of withering controversy within the United States even before it has been concluded with the Soviet Union. Right now it is not at all certain that two-thirds of the Senate will ratify the new Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty. If it does not, the consequences could be devastating. The era of detente could end, and something approximating a new Cold War could begin. Carter, particularly if he is defeated both on the Panama Canal treaty and then on SALT, would be rendered impotent in the foreign policy field. He also would be crippled politically, and open to 1980 challenges from right and left in his own party.

Underlying the Carter predicament is a significant rightward shift of intellectual and political power on the issue of cooperation with the Soviet Union. It is respectable again to be hardline. Senator Henry M. Jackson and Paul H. Nitze, a former Deputy Secretary of Defense under Lyndon Johnson, are leaders of a swelling band of anti-detentists. Their followers are not only hot-eyed *ultras* of the type usually attracted to such perpetually panicked groups as the American Security Council, and the US Strategic Institute. The rightist Conservative Caucus is not leading the campaign against SALT, as it is against the Panama Canal treaty and the continued tenure of UN Ambassador Andrew Young. The Committee on the Present Danger, of which Nitze is chief spokesman, is a serious endeavor comprised of ex-diplomats, ex-liberals, lawyers, scholars and businessmen capable of convincing a wide spectrum of American opinion that the Soviet Union genuinely presents a menace to the security of the United States, which we are not doing enough to protect ourselves against.

The prospective anti-SALT coalition includes such political and intellectual heavyweights as Lane Kirkland of the AFL-CIO, the editors of *Commentary* and the organizers of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, a

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group which formerly promoted the presidential candidacy of Senator Jackson and which now includes Senator Moynihan as an equal honorary co-chairman. A CDM statement last month charged that the proposed new SALT agreement was "apparently achieved at the expense of imbalanced US concessions," and that the Carter administration was "softening its stand on human rights." It also blasted the joint US-Soviet statement on the Middle East and declared in what seemed a thinly-veiled political threat, that Carter was returning "to the very approach to US-Soviet relations against which we Democrats campaigned."

The assault on SALT does not appear to be tightly coordinated, but it is well financed, broadly based, sophisticated, sincere and often deeply thoughtful. Some hardliners still deal in simple Russians-gonna-get-us polemics. But others are fully at home in the latest detail on nuclear capabilities, and have studied global grand strategy and history. Right now, the hawks have more ergs of brainpower focused on SALT than even the Carter administration does, and vastly more than their arch-foes in the arms control community. The hawks also got started early, a year in advance of the expiration this past October of the SALT I interim agreement that Nixon concluded in 1972. In an effective early propaganda offensive, the American Security Council obtained dramatic Soviet military films from the Pentagon in the closing days of the Ford administration and fashioned from them a horror show of Russian prowess that has been distributed to 300 local television stations. The Committee on the Present Danger got organized in early 1976, the brainchild of Nitze, Eugene Rostow, a Yale law professor and former Undersecretary of State under Johnson, and Charls Walker, a former Undersecretary of the Treasury under Nixon. In May 1976, another hawkish group, New York-based National Strategy Information Center, opened a Washington office and budgeted one million dollars to—in the words of its president, Frank R. Barnett—"crank up an all-out effort to meet the current and growing threat from the USSR."

An equivalent array of organizations exists on the pro-SALT side, but it has barely been mobilized. The Carter administration seems to have done little to begin a concerted educational campaign of its own. The groups available to help include the Arms Control Association, the Center for Defense Information and the Federation of American Scientists, all of which have been involved in past efforts to defeat this or that weapons system. There is also a new group, called the American Committee on East-West Accord, whose slogan is that US-Soviet relations should be put on a "businesslike basis." About half the new committee's $145,000 income, in fact, comes from companies doing business with the Soviet Union, just as funding for anti-SALT groups tends to come heavily from defense contractors. The new committee's co-chairmen are George Kennan, John Kenneth Galbraith and Donald Kendall, chairman of Pepsico. The committee is hastily trying to put together a movie and to win equal time from stations that ran the American Security Council film. But Carl Marcy, executive director of the committee, acknowledged that "sorry to say, Jackson's experts are having greater impact than Carter's experts. . . . I think there's no question but what we're behind in the propaganda race."

The Committee on the Present Danger has emerged as the most widely noticed and quoted of the prospective anti-SALT groups. It operates, ironically, out of the same suite in a seedy building on Connecticut Avenue in Washington which once was occupied by Adlai Stevenson, Eleanor Roosevelt and Paul Butler's Democratic Policy Committee, the liberal conscience of the Democratic Party during the out-of-power years of the 1950s. The memory of those liberal heroes is preserved on brass nameplates affixed to a table in the CPD offices where now Paul Nitze holds learned, low-key seminars on what he perceives to be the inadequacies of Carter administration SALT positions. In his latest critique, Nitze charged that by 1985, the Soviet Union might enjoy a ten-to-one advantage over the United States in "prompt counter-military potential," the ability to knock out the other side's land-based missile force in a surprise attack.

The Carter administration has yet to respond to Nitze in anything like equivalent detail. Officials claim they are constrained by the need to maintain confidentiality while negotiations are still under way. Senator Gary Hart, who is expected to be a leading pro-SALT spokesman, did hold a press conference to denounce critics for trying to "smother the infant in its crib" and to defend the package under negotiations as "promising and soundly conceived." But both Hart and a "high defense official" who briefed reporters at the Pentagon were forced to concede one of Nitze's major points—that sometime in the mid-1980s, existing Minuteman land-based missiles will be vulnerable to Soviet attack. The defense official said, "You know, the survivability of the Minuteman is not exactly the same thing as the survival of the United States," and he is correct. A good case can be made that the United States would be better off without any land-based missiles to attack in a crisis. But concession of their vulnerability is at least a debating point won by the hawks against the arms control community. For years, arms controllers argued that the Soviet Union was not bent on attaining first-strike potential against US land missiles. Now they have been proven wrong.

The long-range military merits of the prospective SALT package are hard to judge yet, and laymen perhaps will be interested in the opinions of the Joint Chiefs of Staff once an agreement is actually signed and awaiting ratification by the Senate. The basic outlines of the pact include limits until 1985 on the number of missiles the US and USSR can deploy, which are a bit

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lower than Ford negotiated at Vladivostok; a three-year protocol limiting the range of air-launched cruise missiles to 1500 miles and ground- and sea-launched cruise missiles to 360 miles, and forbidding testing of land-mobile missiles; plus pledges by each side to negotiate deeper arms reductions by 1980.

Carter's critics are attacking the President more on political grounds than on military ones, though deciphering their accusations does require familiarity with technical detail. One complaint is that Carter retreated under Soviet scowls from a strong SALT position the administration advanced in March, requiring deep cuts in the Russian arsenal, to one that would perpetuate US inferiority in significant categories of missile power. Carter's foes are warning him to win more concessions from the Soviets than he has so far, or face an effort to defeat SALT in the Senate. The administration is claiming it is in the process of getting a good deal, the best it can and far better than no deal at all. Carter's critics also charge that the dovish inclinations of such administration officials as arms control negotiator Paul Warnke and State Department SALT expert Leslie Gelb will cause the United States to extend the three-year protocol, preventing development of a new land-based missile and full development of cruise missiles. The administration declares that when the protocol is ended, it is ended, unless the Soviets are prepared to offer major concessions in cutting back their arsenal.

There are even deeper differences involved in the SALT debate than either military or political ones. Two philosophical schools are contending here over the question: What are the Soviets up to? Arms control advocates have maintained in the past that nuclear superiority was unattainable for either the US or USSR, that nuclear wars could not be "won" and that neither side would contemplate starting one so long as the other side had weapons with which to destroy the aggressor's cities in return. Among American hawks, quite to the contrary, there never has been any doubt that the Soviet Union was striving for strategic superiority to use either militarily or politically against the US. According to our hardliners, the Soviets are wedded to Clausewitz's maxim that war is merely an extension of politics by other means. Soviet planners do not find nuclear wars at all unthinkable, according to the hawks, and are preparing to fight and win them in the hope that their power will be sufficient to blackmail the United States and its allies into submission.

Of late, the hawkish persuasion has hardened into a conviction that a parallel exists between Soviet military buildups in the 1970s and Nazi Germany's war preparations in the 1930s. The charge has been made explicitly by the Committee on Present Danger, by Air Force Chief of Staff General David Jones, syndicated military affairs columnist Robert Heinl and retired Lieutenant General Daniel Graham, former head of the Defense Intelligence Agency. Frank Barnett of the National Strategy Information Center has asserted that the United States now "is about where Britain was in 1938, with the shadow of Hitler's Germany darkening all of Europe." In an article in *Commentary*, the defense intellectual Edward N. Luttwak likened Henry Jackson to Winston Churchill.

So far, the only attempt to analyze and rebut these assertions has been made by Representative Les Aspin, who studied 14 separate categories of war preparation made not only by the Soviets and the Nazis but also by Israel and her Arab adversaries prior to the 1973 Mideast war and China in the aftermath of the Sino-Soviet split. "The Nazi expansion dwarfs the Soviet expansion by every measure," according to Aspin, and so did arms buildups by the other countries, though to a lesser degree. Aspin found that Hitler boosted overall defense spending by 868 percent in the five years before 1939, whereas the Soviets have increased spending only 13 percent in the past five years. The Soviets' spending level, he said, he has been going up at about three percent per year, while the Arabs' was 16 percent per year, Israel's was 18 percent and China's was seven percent. Aspin acknowledged that US defense spending had been declining until recently and was not reciprocated by Soviet restraint.

Aspin, a member of the House armed services and intelligence committees, a former Pentagon official and a moderate on defense issues, cited other grounds for concern about Soviet behavior. "There has been a Warsaw Pact buildup," he wrote. "The Soviets have been promoting some kind of civil defense program and increasing their strategic capabilities. They stretched SALT I agreements to their limits, have played a nefarious role in Africa and are sending their Navy around the world getting political mileage out of it.

"In addition to increasing anxiety, these actions have shattered previously held assumptions about Soviet behavior. It used to be said that as a great power the Soviets would be satisfied with strategic parity with the west, but now that appears not to be true. We used to postulate that the Soviets shared in our belief in the strategic doctrine of assured destruction; now people think that the Soviets don't even think in those terms. Once it was thought that the Soviets would not get involved in areas beyond adjacent territories, but policies in Africa are beginning to make us think otherwise."

Such uncertainties about Soviet intentions are part of the reason for a hawkish ascendancy that threatens to defeat the SALT treaty. The hardliners may have the stronger case, but thus far, the Carter administration has not yet begun to educate the public concerning its assumptions about what the Russians are up to. If it delays the process, as it did its public relations effort on behalf of the Panama Canal treaty, it may find itself losing both contests, and its hold on the government as well.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

A Clutch of Comedies

The Goodbye Girl (Warner Bros.). It's Herbert (*Turning Point*) Ross time again. And Richard (*Close Encounters*) Dreyfuss time again. And Neil ($$$$$$) Simon time again. And Mrs. Simon, too—Marsha Mason.

Mason's face, in fact, sets the tone of this comedy. In the heyday of magazines like *Collier's*, the illustrations for the stories always had girls with snub noses. And they were snub-nosed stories, very pert and up-to-the-then-date. Mason has the same general type of face but more human—Jane Wyman with gonads. She's a very pleasant light comedian, and this script that her husband wrote for her fits her like a leotard.

Dreyfuss doesn't look at all like a *Collier's* hero, or have a name like one, which is part of the '70s cool, but he has a mod version of the *Collier's* hero to play: full of earnest busy innocence and competence, intense about Higher Things but, when "reminded" of sex and love, intense about them too.

Simon's story is about as reliable as it could be, time-tested. The boy and girl meet cute, part cute, meet cute again. She's an ex-chorus-liner, early 30s, with an 11-year-old daughter, and she has just been rattily abandoned by her lover. The rat owns the lease to their NY apartment and, unknown to Mason, has rented it to a young actor coming from Chicago—Dreyfuss, who arrives in a pouring rain at midnight with no place else to go. She lets him stay if he keeps to his room, and whatever do you think happens eventually?

Some talents keep the fluff floating. First to the eye, Mason and Dreyfuss. They have the energy and precision of circus sharpshooters, knocking off the points and the quick emotions like bottles thrown in the air, never missing, firing over their shoulders, wheeling and smacking. Nothing is real, nothing is phony.

Then there's Ross. Simon gave him a script full of bright dialogue, but that's about all it's full of. Ross had to chew the dialogue into *film*, had to devise action to keep it all from being like ping-pong at a fixed table. Push push push is Ross's motto here, and he keeps the film moving either with the actors' action or with editing, rarely strained but always in tension with what is essentially theater writing. (Which is *not* to say that theater writing is static, only that its principles of action are usually different from film.) In *The Turning Point* Ross's chief job was to fix a kind of action—ballet dancing—that is too large for the film frame. Here his chief job is to fix a kind of action—keen chit-chat—that is too small for the film frame. Both intuitively and consciously, I think, he was aware of this; and succeeded.

On the other hand Simon writes more organically developed stories for films than he has so far done for the theater. (By the time this review appears he'll have a new play on Broadway, and maybe this opinion will need revision.) Most of his plays have been sets of sketches, even when they weren't patently so as in *Plaza Suite* and *California Suite*. But film scripts like *The Out-of-Towners* and *The Goodbye Girl* were at least designed to ride right through to the end. Perhaps the film medium's ability to use a lot of places helps him, instead of the theater's injunction to develop things in (figuratively) one place.

He saddles his story with one more precocious child, a gag that could be given a nice long rest after *Paper Moon* and *Alice Doesn't Live Here Any More*. And he invents an absolutely incredible character hang-up for his heroine—something about the courage to say goodbye in order to say hello again, and if I've got it wrong it doesn't matter—but it's only an attempt to paste some disguise of depth on one more boy-meets-girl polka.

And of course there's the false realism. *People* simply don't speak incessantly in smart dialogue. George S. Kaufman used a separate character in many of his plays to be a sidelines wisecracking chorus. Noel Coward wrote about people who in life lived under the banner "Amuse or Die." But often in Simon's plays and films I find myself thinking, "Say, the folks who live in that apartment have pretty good script writers."

But if you accept the convention, it glistens. If, *mutatis mutandis*, *The Goodbye Girl* had been made in the '30s, it would now be revived as what art houses like to call a Comedy Classic.

Semi-Tough (United Artists). When a picture has profanity within the first minute, it's a fair tip-off that there's rough sledding ahead. Desperation has set in early. This script by Walter Bernstein, from a novel by Dan Jenkins, is not a disaster, but it keeps promising to be one. It's about two pro football players and the owner's daughter who all love one another, and if it stuck to its business as a jock version of *Design for Living*, it wouldn't be bad. But it gets lengthily and wearily involved with satire on religion-of-self fads—the stuff that says I'm OK and Now That I Think of It, I'm Somewhat Better Than That. Those interludes are unbearable, and Bert Convy, who plays the gooey guru, is not entirely to blame.

I also don't understand why "our" team, which was behind in the first half of its big game, suddenly was able to win.

Raunchiness of spirit more than language helps to keep the rest of it

Films Worth Seeing

Close Encounters of the Third Kind. The best SF film I know, but Steven Spielberg and colleagues have done something more than an SF film. It focuses faith on the heavens more than Heaven and on technology as god more than on intergalactic travel.

Julia. Lavish version of Spartan heroism against Nazis, but Vanessa Redgrave, Jason Robards, and Jane Fonda (in that order) are fine.

One Sings, the Other Doesn't. Two young women, French, their friendship, the social frontiers they cross. The most engaging film so far about New Women.

The Turning Point. Mikhail Baryshnikov, his dash and his dancing, make this film unmissable. Other ballet stars, too. Also some film stars and a plot, but who cares?

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breathing much of the time, and so does Burt Reynolds. Reynolds really has only one performance to give, but not many romantic-comic stars have had more; and he does have a charm that combines burliness with lightness, dry impassivity with wittily managed true feeling. Jill Clayburgh has only one performance, too, and at last she has found a good groove for it. The odd man out of the triangle, who at first looks like the even man in, is Kris Kristofferson, and it's awesome to see how easily this husky-voiced heavy and "heavy" star is shaded by Reynolds.

Michael Ritchie, the director, began his career with some work of edge and distinction, especially *The Candidate*. With *The Bad News Bears* and *Semi-Tough* he settles into the ranks—or would if there were such ranks—of merely competent working comic directors.

Handle with Care (Paramount). At almost any given moment there's a picture around that is overpraised just because it's not rotten. This is the current one. The script by Paul Brickman is about the effect of CB radio on a small town—like a genie that releases hidden selves in the townsfolk, operating pseudonymously. Some of the detail, physical and character, is good contemporary Americana, like the relation between the knockabout hero and his athletic-coach brother. Some of it is movie malarkey, like the goodhearted hooker and two women who discover that they're married to the same trucker. It was directed by Jonathan Demme—his first feature, I think—and like many first films, it strains for impressive compositions.

But, unlike many first films, it has some feeling for characterization, worked out through acting. Paul Le Mat, the hero, has the right fierce, gentle, infatuated-with-mechanics, smalltown gawkiness. The sharpest performance comes from Roberts Blossom, his father, an ex-trucker who mopes silently around their ramshackle house except when he is on his CB crackling away with truckers who are still trucking. Blossom can be seen briefly in *Close Encounters* and was seen at length and to advantage two years ago in Chelsea Theater Center's production of Tankred Dorst's *Ice Age*, in which he played a protagonist modeled on the aged Knut Hamsun (*TNR*, Dec. 20, '75). He has been working in the theater for some years but, so far as I know, has only recently begun in films. (He was Gatsby's father in *The Great Gatsby*.) He has wit and hawklike strength and, aptly for film, he is able to dramatize silence.

The World's Greatest Lover (20th Century-Fox). Before *Star Wars*, we used to read that Fox was in trouble. After *Star Wars*, the gravy train. But any studio that allows Gene Wilder to write, produce, direct, and star in a film is only asking for trouble again.

B. H. Haggin on classical music

Recent Recordings

In a previous article about the great music that concertgoers rarely or never hear I cited the symphonies and string quartets of Haydn's later years and matured powers, in which the Haydn operation of constant melodic, harmonic and rhythmic surprise attains incandescence; but I failed, unaccountably, to mention the piano trios and sonatas of those extraordinary later years. Of the trios only the one recorded by Cortot, Thibaud and Casals was familiar to music-lovers when, in 1973, Philips began to issue all of them on records—eight records so far, with performances by the Beaux Arts Trio that are, with one exception, excellent. The exception is the one of No. 28 in which the superb first movement, marked *Allegro moderato* by Haydn, is played too fast, and the extraordinary second movement, marked *Allegretto*, is played too slowly, for their right effect.

Two groups of the sonatas have been recorded by Gilbert Kalish (on Nonesuch H-71318 and 71328), the second group with the Andante and Variations in F minor that amazes one all the way from the unprecedentedly poignant and spacious Andante to the wide-ranging coda. Kalish plays the sonatas sensitively, but without the pointing up of the operation of the lively Haydn mind that they require, and that they get in the performances by John McCabe (on London STS-15343/4/5). The Andante

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and Variations calls for more powerfully expressive treatment than Kalish gives it; but his sensitive performance is preferable to McCabe's strangely unenlivening and awkward dealing with the piece.

Haydn's infrequently played six Quartets Op. 50, of which the last four are outstanding, are given the pointing up I just referred to by the Tokyo Quartet's excellent performances (on Deutsche Grammophon 3709.060).

New and interesting to me were the quartets of Cherubini, with their unpredictably varied invention by a mind as lively as Haydn's in an idiom entirely different from his. They are performed well by the Melos Quartet of Stuttgart (on D.G. 2710.018).

Mozart's piano concertos are the most elaborately contrived, the most complex in form, and the most fascinating and exciting of his instrumental works. One of the greatest, K.488, and the fine K.459 are performed by Pollini (on D.G. 2530.716) with sensitiveness and grace which, unfortunately, are not matched by the playing of the Vienna Philharmonic under Bohm. Pollini also gives impressive effect to Beethoven's Concerto No. 4 (on D.G. 2530.791), for which Böhm produces a better orchestral context. And he brings to Beethoven's Sonatas Opp. 109 and 110 (on D.G. 2530.645) the musical insight required by these embodiments of the superearthly exaltation one hears in the works of Beethoven's last years.

Ashkenazy's tremendous performance of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 109 (on London CS-7029) is coupled with the Sonata Op. 101, whose march movement he plays with what seems to me exaggerated accentuation. (I attribute the uncharacteristic percussive sound of the performances to the piano or the recording.) He also gives us a superb performance of the Sonata Op. 53 *(Waldstein)* (on CS-6921), with the Sonata Op. 81a *(Les Adieux),* in which he loads more expressive weight onto the slow introduction of the first movement and the *andante* second movement than they call for. And to these he adds an excellent performance of Schubert's Sonata Op. 53 (on CS-6961).

At this point I must mention that the miracle of the beautiful playing Rubinstein continued to do in his 80s has come to its inevitable end. His newly recorded performances of Beethoven's piano concertos with the London Philharmonic under Barenboim (on RCA ARL5-1415) are a mere playing of the notes without the musical sensitiveness and tonal beauty of his earlier performances with the Boston Symphony under Leinsdorf.

The Guarneri Quartet plays Schubert's great *Death and the Maiden* Quartet (on RCA ARL1-1994) with beautiful tone, admirable ensemble execution and expressive force, except in the finale that is too leisurely in tempo and without the energy and driving momentum it has in the Cleveland Quartet's performance.

A rarely heard work of Schubert, the beautiful Mass in A-flat, is sung well (on Nonesuch H-71335) by choral groups of Carleton College and soloists with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra under Dennis Russell Davies's direction.

Handel's *Semele,* the fine work that includes the well-known *"Oh sleep, why dost thou leave me?"* and *"Where'er you walk",* is performed well (on Vanguard VCS-10127/8/9) by Sheila Armstrong, Helen Watts, Robert Tear, Justino Diaz, the Amor Artis Chorale and the English Chamber Orchestra under Somary's direction.

And Handel's *Israel in Egypt,* which is made outstanding by its imaginative choral writing, is performed effectively (on Argo ZRG 817/8) by the Choir of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, a solo group and the English Chamber Orchestra under Simon Preston.

Sixteenth-century vocal polyphony is represented by Lassus's remarkably beautiful Motets *Omnes de Saba Venient, Salve Regina Mater Misericordiae, Alma Redemptoris Mater* and *Tui Sunt Coeli* and his Penitential Psalm V, which are sung by the same chorus under Preston (on Argo ZRG-795).

And of instrumental music of that period the fine pieces of Dowland's *Lachrimae* are performed well (on Oiseau-Lyre DSLO-517) by Anthony Rooley with the Consort of Musicke on viols whose authentic sound is less agreeable to the ear than the sound of modern strings and viols in the earlier performance by Thurston Dart with the London Philharmonic (on Oiseau-Lyre S-164E).

Of the recent recordings of all nine symphonies of Beethoven the one that offers the most effective pacing and shaping of the works is Haitink's with the London Philharmonic (on Philips 6747.307). One must regret that he didn't use his superior Concertgebouw Orchestra, and that the performances were not recorded with the greater care that would have reproduced them with greater clarity of texture. (I should mention two details that bother me in the performance of No. 5: the failure to pause, however briefly, between the two forceful opening statements of the first movement, and the excessively fast *piu mosso* tempo at the beginning of the coda of the second movement.)

Haitink does conduct his Concertgebouw Orchestra in an admirably paced and shaped performance of Schubert's great Symphony No. 9 (on Philips 9500.097). And their performance of Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde,* with Janet Baker and James King (on 6500.831), is one of the best I have heard.

James Levine's performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 3 with the Chicago Symphony and Marilyn Horne (on RCA ARL2-1757) ends with a superb statement of the finale that is for me Mahler's grandest and most sublime utterance.

Giulini produces with the same orchestra (on Deutsche Grammophon 2530.783) excellent performances of Musorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition* and Prokofiev's *Classical Symphony,* whose first movement he plays in an unusually deliberate tempo.

Michael Tilson Thomas exhibits his extraordinary gifts in the performance of Gershwin's *An American in Paris* with the New York Philharmonic (on Columbia XM-34205)—not merely in the long blues section that he conducts with the rubato and grace one hears in the reissued Toscanini performance (on RCA AVM1-1737), but in the long opening section in which he lifts detail after detail into increased prominence and significance. The record also offers a skillful combination of the original Grofé orchestration of *Rhapsody in Blue* with the passages for piano extracted from Gershwin's own Duo-Art piano roll of his arrangement of the piece for piano solo.

And the impressively gifted Andrew Davis conducts the New Philharmonia in exquisitely wrought performances of the lovely pieces from Fauré's incidental music for *Pelléas et Mélisande* that Balanchine uses in his ballet *Emeralds* (on Columbia M-34506). The record also offers a fine performance of Franck's Symphony.

Of more than ordinary importance are two recordings of operas—Wagner's *Die Meistersinger,* in which his matured powers achieve some of his most genial, lovely and affecting writing; and Verdi's *Macbeth,* an early work in which he operates impressively even in the conventional style of the period, but in which at times his powers transcend that style, producing, among other things, the vocal and orchestral inven-

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tion of the Sleepwalking Scene that is as remarkable as what he achieved later. In the years since the superb mono performance of *Die Meistersinger* conducted by Kempe the successive stereo performances have been in one way or another unsatisfying; but the most recent one (on London OSA-1512), excellently conducted by Solti, has beautiful playing by the Vienna Philharmonic and good singing by Norman Bailey (Sachs), Hannelore Bode (Eva), Bernd Weikl (Beckmesser), Kurt Moll (Pogner), Julia Hamari (Magdalene), Adolf Dellapozza (David) and the Vienna State Opera Chorus. Its one flaw is the singing of René Kollo, whose voice hasn't the warmth, luster and ease of flow required by Walther's part. Of *Macbeth* also, after performances that have been unsatisfying, there is now the superb performance conducted by Abbado, with Verrett, Cappucilli, Domingo, Ghiaurov and the excellent orchestra and chorus of La Scala (on Deutsche Grammophon 2709.082). (I must add, however, that the recording produces fortissimos that are near and pianissimos that recede into the distance almost to the point of inaudibility.)

In addition several single records offer distinguished performances of operatic excerpts: Janet Baker's of arias by Gluck (on Philips 9500.023); Carlo Bergonzi's of tenor arias by Verdi (on Philips 6747.193); Ingvar Wixell's of baritone arias by Verdi (on Philips 6580.171); the tenor Stewart Burrows's of arias by Mozart; and the baritone Geraint Evans's of arias by Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Donizetti, Musorgsky, Verdi and Britten.

Wolf Von Eckardt on architecture

Munich

Munich

"Forget about the damned motor cars and plan a city on the human scale for lovers and for friends," Lewis Mumford told a convention of American architects some years ago. Munich has followed Mumford's advice.

The city was in ruins after World War II. Then the *Wirtschaftswunder* onslaught of automobiles (four out of 10 Münchners own private cars) threatened to choke the old city.

About the time Mumford spoke, the city fathers began sprucing up for the 1972 Olympic Games. They decided to return Munich's handsomely restored medieval heart to people. Except for emergencies and early morning deliveries, motor vehicles are banned from the sizeable area between the old city gates—Karlstore and Rathaustor. A highway replaces the old city wall.

Now lovers, friends, shoppers, and tourists in large numbers stroll freely about in picturesque lanes, winding streets, and a dramatic procession of plazas among a medley of old, new, and reconstructed buildings, some dating to the 13th century. The car-free area includes the venerable Frauenkirche with its Byzantine, onion-topped spires; the imposing City Hall, a magnificent work of audacious Gothic fakery, complete with animated carillon that draws crowds every waking hour; a theater; a department store, movie houses; and enough stores, restaurants, cafés, and Bierstuben, to keep the place bustling at all hours and seasons. These establishments range from outrageously expensive to plain *gemütlich* in price and ambience.

Pedestrian shopping streets and precincts are nothing new. Rotterdam and Coventry, rebuilding after the Nazi holocaust, were the first to create downtown oases which separate human bodies from combustion engines. The idea of applying this principle not only to new shopping centers, but also to save downtown from death by congestion, was proposed by city planner Victor Gruen for Fort Worth in 1956. Gruen's plan called for surrounding the inner city with parking garages, transporting goods in and out through tunnels, transporting people on moving sidewalks, and filling the streets with trees, fountains, benches, sculpture, kiosks, and happy, safe, and unpolluted humanity. But Green could not persuade Texans to walk or even just stand there while the sidewalk moved.

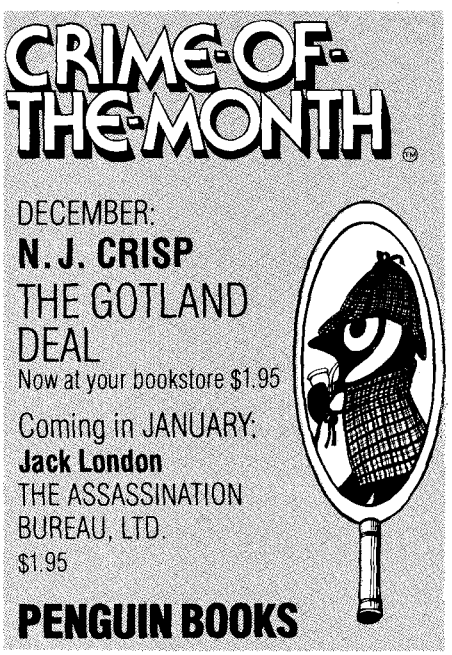
The Fort Worth Plan shook up city planners all over the world. Hitherto they had considered it their highest aim to adjust cities to the insatiable demands of the autmobile. Gruen inspired the idea that the automobile might perhaps be sufficiently housebroken to adjust to the needs of city life. He proved his point in Fresno.

As planned by Gruen's firm, Fresno adopted the essentials of the Fort Worth Plan in the early 1960s. It planted 162 shade trees, 19,000 plants, built 25 fountains, and installed sculptures, play equipment, conversation pits, sand boxes, light standards, and other "street furnishings" on its six-block-long Fulton Mall. An electric train running up and down the length of it is the only thing on wheels. The result: Without war devastation, urban renewal, or other displacement of people or buildings, Fresno is unquestionably "revitalized." Retail profits increased by as much as 30 percent.

Although other pedestrian malls in the country can boast similar popular and commercial success, we have built fewer than 80 of them, most in medium-sized cities. Europe is far more car-free. West Germany alone has pedestrian streets and zones in 350 cities and towns. The one in Munich is the largest and most attractive.

The reason America is so far behind is not only that we are more afflicted by autosis and generally disinclined to expend affection, money, or constructive thought on our derelict city centers. It is also because downtown businessmen tend to be narrow minded, to put it mildly, and because many urban designers in America are apt to overdo it.

An example of the first obstacle to



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taming the automobile was the battle of the Madison Mall. You would think that the merchants on New York City's Madison Avenue would be sophisticated. In 1970, the Lindsay administration proposed to make mid-Manhattan shopping enjoyable. The easiest way to do so, it was decided, was to close a stretch of Madison Avenue to automobile traffic. The merchants protested that this would kill them dead. Like most American retailers, they seem convinced that cars, not people, buy their wares. Carriage trade, you know.

Mayor Lindsay thereupon suggested a 90-day trial period. Nix. The court eventually ruled that the test would require the approval of the city's Board of Estimates, which, under pressure from businessmen, defeated the proposal.

Badly planned and designed, malls often lack adequate access and/or attractions and indeed are nothing but traffic obstacles. You can't just close a street, plunk down some planters, and claim that you are saving downtown and the ecology, too. That only invites empty stores, angry citizens, litter, and disaster.

That is what happened in Washington, DC not once but twice. It is unfortunately not likely that Washington merchants will allow another pedestrian mall downtown.

Munich Pedestrian Mall *Courtesy of German Information Center*

The first one, unveiled with much fanfare a decade ago, turned out to be a half-virgin. The planners lost their nerve in mid-planning. Instead of closing a block of F Street to automobiles, they only narrowed the road to one lane in each direction, creating a center strip on which people are supposed to enjoy city life. But in the first place, people can't get there, what with bumper to bumper traffic on those narrow lanes. In the second place, people don't want to get there, because, for most, the greatest joy of city life is window shopping. So, why go away from the display windows? There is nothing to do in the middle of the street but inhale the exhaust from slow moving cars that is killing the trees. A few pathetic kiosks were closed years ago.

Rather than removing this idiocy, Washington's city planners sounded the trumpets about "Streets for People" and built two more pedestrian malls—both without shops and restaurants or any other *raison d'être*. One is east on F Street, in front of the Martin Luther King Library. The other is on G Street by the National Portrait Gallery. Both are cubist compositions of massive gray and black granite blocks, fit for a pharaoh's mausoleum. I suppose the granite slabs are to serve as conversation pits, planter boxes and fountains. But in the absence of people, plants (dead or dying), and water (no maintenance funds), they serve only to catch litter. The F Street affair also has some odd-looking, brightly painted machinery that provides electronic audiovisual information about your capital city. But the things work only to discredit the idea of turning streets over to lovers and shoppers.

That's why I think Munich is so important. It shows what can be done and how.

Munich built its car-free center as part of a comprehensive, new regional transportation system in which the traffic flow on existing streets and new highways, parking and parking restrictions, street cars, a new subway, and a new regional railway are all meshed like clockwork. The system does not always run smoothly (some parts are not completed), but it is basically efficient. No American city has even seriously thought about such a system, let alone related it to planning and zoning.

Munich's pedestrian precinct is always alive with people because it contains two subway stations which are linked to the regional and federal railways and is also close to trolley and bus stops, as well as prohibitively expensive parking.

The design of the new streetscape is the result of a competition in which not only city planners, architects, and landscape architects, but also painters and sculptors participated. In contrast to most of America's pedestrian malls, which are more often than not cast in concrete, Munich's furnishings are light, lithe, cheery, and colorful, designed to be flexible and comfortable and to enhance the old buildings.

The emphasis is not on structures but on flowers (grown in plastic boxes placed in permanent planters and simply exchanged for different flowers when their season is over), on flags, on moving water in all kinds of fountains, on sculpture hosting pigeons, on changing displays in freestanding vitrines, on vendors' pushcarts, and moveable kiosks, as well as on street artists, concerts, and theatrical performances.

Most delightful are the stackable chairs, which people can place where they wish—in the sun or shade, in groups or alone, close to the band concert or away from it. There are lockers to hold your packages until it's time to go home.

The pavement is mainly cobblestone in different colors and patterns, agreeable to walk on and expertly laid. Even in heavy rain I saw no puddles. The light fixtures are low, in scale with buildings and people. Historic buildings are illuminated at night.

The best thing about Munich's newly pulsating heart, however, is its clean air and festive calm. It is a place where lovers and friends can converse without raising their voices and where you can hear the fountains play.

Munich inspires hope for the future of the city.

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Anne Hollander on fashion

The Issue of Skirting

For a long time men's concern for clothes was considered physically practical and sensible, and honorably aimed at the public expression of status. Women's interest in clothes was thought to be narcissistic or erotically aggressive—in some way rather neurotic, and concerned with the personal expression of feeling. Female tolerance for physical inconvenience in clothes

Drawing by Salvador Bru

(girdles, high heels, etc.) used to be ridiculed and even hated, because it was seen as shamefully erotic in its essence. The male version (tight collar and tie, confining shoes and jackets in summer heat) was exempt from scorn because it was considered practical in essence—a reasonable sacrifice of comfort to the public image necessary for legitimate masculine worldly success and power. The deliberate use of clothing to assist men's worldly success has long been allowed—but for a couple of centuries it was firmly dissociated from the use of clothing for sexual success—allegedly a female maneuver, and just a bit dishonorable.

Now all this has changed, along with all the other beliefs about sex, success and clothes. A book called *Dress for Success* appeared a few years ago, giving sartorial advice to men who wished to get ahead faster and suggesting that they clothe their uncertain aspirations in the guise of confident assumptions: you don't dress as if you were going to succeed, but as if you were already successful. Recently, *Dress for Success for Women* has appeared, and the same standards and methods are seen to work for them. But to be correctly dressed for the part of successful worldly achievers, women now must learn *not* to dress as if they were non-sexual beings, and most emphatically *not* to dress in the recognized mode of female *sexual* achievers—the aggressive trappings of erotic ambition: high-heels, see-through blouses and all the rest of it. They must look exactly and only like powerful, successful women—and without the resources and traditions of, say, Queen Elizabeth the First or Catherine the Great, it proves a delicate matter.

And to do it, interestingly enough, women have returned to skirts. The skirt has been the unchallenged badge of the female sex since the early middle ages: during all the recent profound revolutions in American customs and attitudes which have established not only the wearing of pants by women in all situations but also the public recognition of the rights, dignities and preferences of male homosexuals, men have never worn skirts. The sexes have come to share in most kinds of sartorial expression, at least when at leisure, just as they did in the Renaissance. Men have resumed a long-dormant interest in the erotic expressiveness of their own dress: jewelry, cosmetics, false hair, seductive color and texture, suggestive fit, degrees of nudity, captivating varieties of foreign costume, etc. But with all this, no skirts on the man in the street, straight or gay.

The skirt has remained female, if indeed it was worn at all. During its considerable eclipse, while women explored all the possibilities of trouser-wearing, the skirt was shelved, as it were, for the time being until the need for a consistently powerful, successful—and consequently *conventional*—female image arose. As with the collar, tie and jacket for business and professional men of achievement, so with the skirt for the established successful women of the present moment. Serious women may now consider themselves free at last from the need to deliver those emphatic messages about sexual equality that the non-wearing of skirts once conveyed. A skirt is conventional evidence of straightforward femaleness, now devoid of connotations of sexual bondage or sexual threat. And current skirts, it should be pointed out, have lately stabilized within a fairly small range of fashionable lengths: as the elegant, decent and handsome skirt (variously worn, of course) has become part of the uniform of the female bank-president and corporation lawyer, public terror has conspicuously abated about the possible future level of the hemline.

Elegance and decency, laced with a certain dash, are sought in female successful business dress, just as they have always been in the male version. The answer seems to be some variation of the tailored suit. Successful Americans of both sexes seem to want clothes that can be worn with easy confidence, but that are made discreetly to display their upper-class status by having certain perfect details of the traditional master tailor's art.

Women have worn man-tailored suits (with skirts) for a hundred years; and by now, this style of dress has conveniently lost its early transvestite flavor. In a couple of generations, tailored suits have become as female as chiffon. They have long since ceased to be thought of as appropriate for militant suffragettes or Rosalind Russell playing a ridiculous

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unfeminine female tycoon. They are no longer repressively severe; and they can be worn by the successful women in modern public life with no loss of sexual ground in any direction. Our first woman president will undoubtedly wear them—but hers, of course, may be made of denim.

Books Considered

Eye-deep in Hell: Trench Warfare in World War I
by John Ellis
(Pantheon; $10)

The War in the Trenches
by Alan Lloyd
(McKay; $12.50)

Another World, 1897-1917
by Anthony Eden
(Doubleday; $7.95)

The First World War, 1914-1918
by Gerd Hardach
(University of California Press; $12.95)

Some sixty years after 1917, that tumultuous year, a modest boom is underway in studies of World War I. There are the books here reviewed; there are more on the perimeter. Some deal with policies and economics, others with ordinary individuals, their behavior, consciousness, states of mind and feeling, a realm usually overlooked in the traditional emphasis on the decisions (blunders?) of generals and politicians.

The Middle Parts of Fortune, Frederic Manning's perceptive novel (1929) of infantrymen in battle and out, has just been republished, superseding *Her Privates We,* its former, expurgated version. E. E. Cummings's *The Enormous Room,* an early portrayal (1922) of the disillusionment of men entangled in the military machine, recently has been reprinted in edited form.

Many younger officers were appalled—and ashamed—by the consistent misjudgments of the high command. The British side of their intellectual counter-attack in the interwar era against their seniors can be followed in Brian Bond's *Liddell Hart: A Study of His Military Thought,* and Anthony Trythall's *"Bony" Fuller: The Intellectual General.*

This conflict between innovation and authority was less pronounced in the American Army, which had arrived late in France and had suffered relatively little. But the European experience, as depicted in Frank Vandiver's recent, massive biography, *Black Jack: The Life and Times of John J. Pershing,* and in the forthcoming survey by Thomas Leonard, *Above the Battle: War-Making in America from Appomatox to Versailles,* both reflected and accelerated change, as the old army gave way to one that later became as firmly entrenched in Bavaria and Franconia as it formerly had been in the cavalry posts of John Ford's westerns.

What explains this intellectual flurry? Some of it may be fallout from Paul Fussell's widely-acclaimed *The Great War and Modern Memory* (1975), a remarkable cultural history of the war's impact on British thinking and expression. Most of these new books are indeed British: perhaps the disappearance of imperial grandeur has stirred a compensatory interest in the days of glory and world power, even those that marked the beginning of the end. Certainly there seems to be a virtually unquenchable appetite in Britain for popularized accounts of both world wars. A minor cottage industry has developed in response, as certain writers scissors-and-paste together new books carved from the defenseless bodies of the old.

So it is with these volumes by John Ellis and Alan Lloyd. Profusely illustrated, with some thin textual tissue as connecting links, they are little more than scanty summaries of material drawn from well-known earlier works. The focus, predictably, is on the British Army on the Western front, though Ellis occasionally does introduce a French or German eyewitness. He also, wisely, sticks to the day-by-day aspects of trench life (and death), avoiding the gross simplifications of Lloyd's comments on strategy and operations.

The factual snippets and especially the photographs in both books do, somehow, manage to suggest several of the terrible dilemmas of trench warfare. Military theorists before 1914 had spoken confidently of a science of war; trench fighting instead was studded with paradox, inconsistency, irrationality, and outright lies.

Witness the infantryman. Trained to fight, egged on by civilian propagandists, he actually fired his rifle but rarely: during the infrequent battles and perhaps in the ritualistic "morning hate" when British units greeted the dawn with "15 rounds rapid." Instead, his life paralleled that of a cave dweller. Much energy was spent in overcoming supply difficulties and—somehow—getting food, fuel, shelter, dry clothes. Much more was expended in constantly carrying, hauling, repairing, and sheer *digging.*

This was the pre-bulldozer era. Trenches, emplacements, dugouts, roads, all had to be built and maintained. Barbed wire had to hefted forward and then strung. The vast appetite of modern weapons for ammunition had to be satisfied, and this required human carrying parties, for neither trucks nor pack animals could safely reach the forward units. And all this in a maze of trenches that reeked of excrement and barely-buried corpses, trenches often filled with rainwater, trenches so congested during battle that it sometimes took several *days* simply to remove the wounded, let alone the dead.

Moreover, since most work required the cover of night, the soldier was reduced to cat-napping by day; training, drill, inspections and further labor afflicted him even in rear areas. Constant exhaustion was the result, a dull ache that deadened both nerves and feelings. Perhaps this seemed normal to generals whose careers had been spent in hastily shaping civilians into soldiers, and who preferred lethargy and obedience to vitality and potential disagreement.

Here, then, was *real* war: a fine comedown for the enthusiasts who had entered battle in 1914 and 1915, confident representatives of a Europe whose power and products dominated the entire globe. Now, in a kind of perverted urbanization, men were crammed into a military slum stretching across northern France. Their lives had sunk beneath that of the most primitive pre-industrial peasant, as they burrowed underground to escape the destructive power of the

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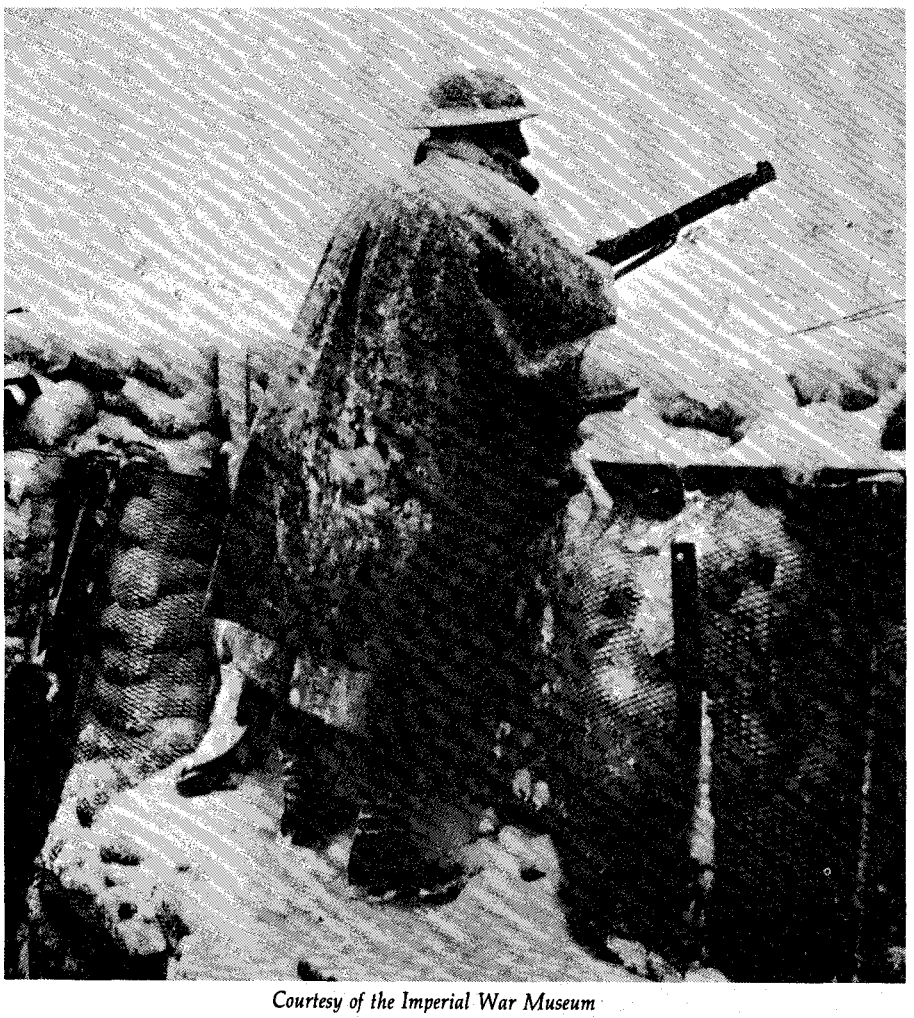
science and industry that once had been their pride and now was their enemy. The mark of the soldier had become, not what victories he could achieve, but what privations he could endure.

Is it surprising that belief in progress and rationality was soon upset by a fatalistic feeling that the world had gone berserk, that its major institutions and accepted doctrines, indeed that much of life itself, were cruel, destructive? That feeling is with us still. It is a staple in our literary diet. It was intensified by the Depression, the Holocaust, Vietnam. And though it had germinated intellectually in the fin-de-siècle, it required war—"the father of all things," according to Heraclitus—to make it blossom in the years 1916 and 1917.

1917 indeed saw the corrosion of institutions as well as beliefs: the French army in the mutinies of April and May, the Russian in a total breakdown during the summer, and the Italian in the retreat and desertions after the debacle at Caporetto in October. Alienation had



Courtesy of the Imperial War Museum

now become visible and angry, going beyond the notion of "live and let live," by which units in quiet sectors long had kept their firing to a minimum, employing only lighter weapons, hoping their adversaries would follow suit. Not for them the orders from above to "act offensively" or "gain the moral ascendency." They, tethered to fixed positions where each incoming shell could raise havoc, would pay the price from retaliation. Opportunities to draw blood were widely ignored, and it was only snipers—often picked men with special training and privileges—who regularly displayed the aggressiveness so admired by senior officers. Other men went their own way toward survival and a quiet life.

Decisive in influencing the atmosphere of the front line was the junior officer. He led the troops in battle, supervised their daily routine, and watched over their morale and welfare. He was recruited, as armies expanded enormously, from the middle and upper classes, and reflected their outlook, combining a certain paternalism regarding "his" men with a growing disillusionment about the war, and especially its leaders. To the former subalterns we owe much of the best writing on the war, both by the literary men—Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Graves, Edmund Blunden, et. al.—and by later political figures such as Harold Macmillan and Alfred Duff Cooper, who remained within the system even as they criticized it.

There is something of these works in the late Anthony Eden's *Another World, 1897-1917*, a slight, rather poignant memoir of an—outwardly—idyllic Edwardian childhood that quickly led to the trenches. The tone mixes a gentle humor with forbearance, abnegation. It was all so long ago, his words suggest: irritation, even skepticism, would be inappropriate; duty—and comradeship—is the only gentlemanly stance.

Eden needed every resource he could muster. His family was distinguished, comfortably rich, his father a cultivated dilettante of considerable attainments in gardening and painting, especially impressionism. But Sir William Eden was capricious and self-absorbed to a degree noticeable even among English eccentrics, keeping his peers—and his children—at bay with continual jabs of pique and rage. Young Anthony clearly was troubled by, and also attracted to, this distant, oddly brilliant father, much as young Winston was fascinated by the complexities of Lord Randolph Churchill.

The war turned everything upside down. Two of Eden's brothers were killed; his father died after long illness; his brother-in-law was wounded; his adored sister became a nurse; and the family home was transformed into a military hospital. The rhythms of privileged life at Windlestone gave way for Anthony to those of trench warfare: long months in the front line, in support, in reserve, in rear areas, punctuated by occasional all-out battles in which the battalion so lovingly nurtured by its officers was fed into a meat-grinder by their superiors.

Eden came through unwounded, amply decorated and promoted, "with my illusions intact, neither shattered nor cynical, to face a changed world." The streaks of vanity and arrogance that he displayed in later life were not surprising from a son of Sir William Eden. That he was also part of the generation of 1914, familiar with war and bloodshed, and committed to preventing their recurrence, was less visible; there lies the value of this book.

It is a long way from these personal, anecdotal accounts to the academic ponderousness of Gerd Hardach's economic survey, *The First World War, 1914-1918*. His is a handy synthesis, briskly touching the obligatory themes: finance and taxation, inflation and currency devaluation, armament production and

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food supply, the Allied blockade and the three German submarine campaigns. If the emphasis falls on Britain and Germany, the other major states receiving short shrift, certainly these two countries were the keystones of their respective coalitions.

But there are deeper explanations. Like many continental Marxists, Hardach is—grudgingly—impressed by the British ability to reconcile liberal democracy with world power. And, by contrast, he detests the German military/industrial complex for its blunders, its arrogance, its overconfidence, its appetite for power and territorial plunder. Hence British behavior becomes the yardstick by which he appraises—unfavorably—that of Germany's rulers, simplifying and overgeneralizing as he goes.

And Hardach follows Lenin in perceiving the war simply as a new phase of capitalist rivalry, a continuation of profit-making by other means, and he quickly rejects the contention that state power sometimes edged out capitalist interests. Just the contrary, he insists. It was only the radical socialists, especially in Russia, who formed the vanguard of progress and human betterment, and he clearly regards the Bolshevik victory as the single most important event of the entire four and a half years of war. This is one-dimensional history, its whole soul and substance mutilated by ideological preconceptions.

Leonard Bushkoff

Leonard Bushkoff is writing a history of the outbreak of the Pacific war in 1941.

The Origin of Negative Dialectics: Theodor W. Adorno, Walter Benjamin, and the Frankfurt Institute
by Susan Buck-Morss
(The Free Press; $15.95)

The Frankfurt School: The Critical Theories of Max Horkheimer and Theodor W. Adorno
by Zoltán Tar
(Wiley-Interscience; $14.95)

Antonio Gramsci and the Revolution that Failed
by Martin Clark
(Yale University Press; $15)

The First Duce: D'Annunzio at Fiume
by Michael A. Ledeen
(The Johns Hopkins University Press; $13.50)

The Occupation of the Factories: Italy 1920
by Paolo Spriano
translated by Gwyn A. Williams
(Urizen Books; $12.95, $4.95 paper)

If someday a history of 20th-century Western culture can be written, then it will have to reveal the connections between assembly line, film studio and concentration camp, just as for the 19th it must link textile mill, railroad, and opera house. The books here, because of their diversity as well as the enterprises they describe, encourage that inquiry. Indeed the Frankfurt school of social philosophy, discussed in the Buck-Morss and Tar volumes, carried out a pioneer effort to bracket mass culture and fascism. Now, however, Frankfurt's "critical theory" must itself be analyzed as a part of the precarious culture it sought to penetrate.

The Frankfurt school (its most prominent representatives, Max Horkheimer and Theodor W. Adorno) represented the diaspora of 20th-century German neo-Marxism. As youthful social philosophers they were formed by the linguistic mirror games of subject-object confrontation in Kant, Hegel and Husserl, then absorbed the applications to culture and economy of Marx, Freud, Lukács and Brecht. In mid-life they fortified outposts of homesick learning in Morningside Heights, Los Angeles, and Jerusalem, finally returning to releaven a new West German Left without Jews. As was the case for other preceptors of the revolution, the *praxis* of student protesters outran the theory of the professors. Horkheimer rediscovered the conservative claim that freedom and equality were at odds, and shortly before Adorno died his enragée women students reportedly danced bare-breasted around him: Brunhildan Bacchae tearing apart if not Orpheus, at least the major sociologist of music.

"Critical theory" sought to unravel how an all-encompassing capitalist structure of exchange and commodities so shaped art, language, and politics as to preserve bourgeois hierarchies. Whether this achievement was truly a preeminent one, or merely ingenious elaboration, I for one find hard to resolve. Judgment is all the more difficult when the discipline involves a long tradition of esoteric discourse. Several recent works have helped immensely in deciphering the neo-Hegelian and neo-phenomenological apparatus for outsiders, especially Martin Jay's account of the Frankfurt school and its Institute for Social Research, Fredric Jameson's elucidation of its literary theory, and Mark Poster's presentation of related French existential Marxism. But these and other historians are often admirers, and the temptation arises to offer votive exegeses that rely on rephrasing the sacred texts.

Zoltán Tar's brief and skeptical assessment certainly does not suffer from this defect; on the other hand, his skeletal exposition skims too lightly to do his subjects justice. Tar's outline emphasizes political ideas and general influences, including Judaism; Frankfurt's cultural analysis finds little place and difficult texts are ignored. Susan Buck-Morss's intellectual biography of Adorno, which emphasizes his debt to Walter Benjamin, is a more demanding but rewarding book. Although Adorno in America joined in the empirical as well as the theoretical work on *The Authoritarian Personality*, his pre-exile contributions centered on music and philosophy. A sutdent of Schönberg's 12-tone serialism, Adorno related the evolving structures of musical composition to the social and economic relationships of capitalist exchange. The result was often dazzling but arbitrary, as when Adorno condemned jazz for the archaic, fascist impulses within its pseudo-modernism.

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The author, who has had access to new Adorno private papers, carefully follows the philosopher's early quarrel with German idealism, his critique of Kierkegaard, and his development of a "negative dialectic." Negative dialectic carried on the Hegelian notion that social and cultural reality emerged out of conflict and oppositions, that to analyze an institution or art work one had to see its role in society as a whole. But it denied that any optimistic synthesis overcame the conflicts and negations. Against the progression of Adorno's thought, Buck-Morss counterpoints the work of Walter Benjamin, perhaps overstressing his influence but usefully showing how his mixture of Marxist and Jewish inspiration restrained both men from settling into predictable philosophical stances.

Benjamin's reputation has perhaps benefited from the fragmentary legacy of his work. The major projected analysis of the artifacts of bourgeois Paris was never completed before his suicide in flight from the Nazis. Not the least accomplishment of Benjamin and Adorno was the rehabilitation of the aphoristic mode in German thought and writing. Like Lichtenberg and Nietzsche before them, the two forsook (or wearied of) the grand Germanic metaphysical systems for short psychological insights and compressed imagery. Benjamin's work was a search for appropriate freighted image and allegory, which, when found, overburdened his life, as they had the princes of the Baroque drama he analyzed. Adorno extended the analysis of the art world to music and continued to fuse image and epigram in his late philosophy. The form itself was a challenge to the idealist tradition.

The challenge to early fascism motivated Adorno less at first. Buck-Morss cites a revealing letter from April 1934, predicting not only a possible disintegration of the Nazi regime, but also envisaging without pangs an external compliance that would allow him to pursue his career. It suggests the limits of the German radical stance. At the same time in Italy, Antonio Gramsci was exploiting his decade in prison to patch together a Marxist critique of the state, politics, and technological society as coherently as conditions permitted. Even when edited after the war, Gramsci's abstract philosophizing could not rival the sophistication of the Germans. In contrast, however, no 20th-century Marxist more trenchantly analyzed the historical and national conditions he hoped to redirect.

Gramsci's reflections on the role of revolutionary organization in a country half-modern, half-backward came only after his own intense political activity was halted by fascism. Martin Clark's monograph examines the brief postwar period in which Gramsci's paper, *L'Ordine Nuovo* served as ideological center for the factory-council movement that embroiled Turin industry, especially the Fiat auto works. Clark seeks to test the limits of workers' control for social transformation. Along with defeated Germany and Austria, Italy offered the most extensive episodes, but episodes they remained and Clark's story is one of failure. The opposition to the works councils came not solely from the managerial class, even less from fascism. Rivalry with the established trade unions and the isolation of the advanced industrial centers proved more important handicaps.

Much of Clark's story is familiar, but his analysis of the alliance between the left or "Maximalist" wing of the Socialist Party and the trade unionists and his account of council development in Turin are useful contributions. Clark carefully examines the different strands of the Socialist and trade union leadership as they uncomfortably faced a more spontaneous and activist challenge. He also documents the liquidation of the movement as hostile industrialists exploited labor disarray in the recession of 1921 to fire organizers and militants. Gramsci himself, Clark shows, carried the idea of workplace organization into the new Italian Communist Party in the early 1920s, but the very need for the Party also testified to the limits of the Councils. As Clark points out in fairness to Gramsci, much of his program for the councils had envisioned long-term educational activity for the workers, not a brief spasm of general strikes. The question remains, however, whether Gramsci might not have worked out a more politic relationship with the powerful unions since his perspective was long-term.

The most dramatic turning point in the labor offensive was not immediately recognized as such. For several weeks in September 1920, the "Occupation of the Factories" appeared the high point of postwar labor militancy and rivaled the similar sit-down strikes that the French

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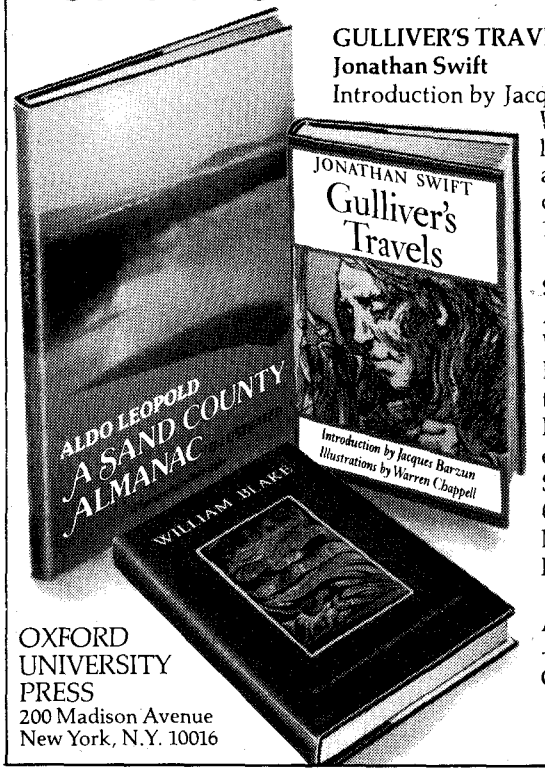

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proletariat carried out in 1936 and 1968. Panicked industrialists felt abandoned by the state and humiliated, if not in the throes of revolution. In fact the entrepreneurs were themselves reorganizing; the strikes were partially defensive; and the prime minister waited the movement out and finally secured a return to work with a promise to consider legislation for a trade-union voice in management. The unions it turned out were exhausted, and prospects for union control became ever more vaporous. Clark describes the disillusion and schism; now, too, however, the English-speaking reader has the translation of Paolo Spriano's 1964 monograph on these developments.

Spriano is an historian of working-class Turin and of the Italian Communist Party. His quasi-official four volumes follow the CPI from its formation through clandestine activity to the Resistance. Indispensable as a narrative source, the account lacks the analytical flair that a Gramsci, Togliatti (or Trotsky) would have instilled. Spriano is naturally sympathetic to the Gramsci-Togliatti construction of a supple, centrist and highly organized communism, and he is relatively unresponsive to the more spontaneous or "leftwing" alternatives that Italian Communism has always felt necessary to resist (up to the present). Nonetheless he attempts to strike a fair balance, and *The Occupation of the Factories* avoids recrimination. Spriano understands how anguishing the alternatives were for the moderates as well as radicals and thus his book serves as a useful text for pondering the internal and external limits to the industrial working class as a revolutionary force.

Post-1918 Italy was striking in the degree that revolutionary potential existed outside the socialist cadres or the peasantry and was wedded to the nationalism that had flared before and during the First World War. Syndicalists and independent Leftists fused ideas of democratic renewal with that of a national crusade against conservative Austria. Some adherents to these ideas would end up with a new reactionary authoritarianism but not all. One major spokesman for grandeur was the egomaniacal poet, Gabriele D'Annunzio, whose gorgeous oratory helped mobilize street demonstrations for Italy's entry into the war and thereafter for extensive annexations. A year before the Occupation of the Factories, D'Annunzio led a corps of young veterans into the Istrian port of Fiume (Rjeka), whose final disposition after the collapse of Austria-Hungary was disputed between Italy and Yugoslavia.

Michael Ledeen rightly emphasizes that this D'Annunzian regency of 15 months was not a dress rehearsal for fascism. The "second" Duce borrowed Roman salutes, blackshirts, daggers and rodomontade. The March on Rome, however, was no rerun of the March on Fiume. Instead it was a collapse of power at the center of an established state and resulted from an opportunist alliance between an authoritarian party selling its capacity for internal war against the Left, angered middle classes, and acquiescent or approving elites. Ledeen stresses that D'Annunzio renounced reaction; and in his informative discussion of what actually was happening in Fiume, he outlines the poet's aspirations for a democratic syndicalist state as embodied in the Charter of the Quarnero.

On the other hand, the judgments in this book seem to me disturbing and uncritical. Because of D'Annunzio's demagogic capacity, especially his manipulation of sacramental imagery, the author overrates the poet as an originator of modern politics and elevates him to "one of the pivotal figures in the twentieth century." Although he depicts Fiume as a sort of bourgeois Haight-Ashbury on a nationalist binge, he claims it "was a microcosm of the modern political world." He downplays the anti-Slavic premises and threats of coercion behind the enterprise, and he likewise fails to emphasize how the Italian middle-class enclave lent an artificial unanimity. As Mussolini understood, outside an isolated port city in a power vacuum rhetoric was not enough: violence had to be escalated and concrete interests woven.

Taken as a group these books suggest the impediments to the 20th-century revolutionary vocation. German and Italian society both presented obstacles to reform, including powerful landlord classes and an insecure but imperious bourgeoisie. Still, both societies were more precarious than France or England and should have offered a radical opportunity. For some of the challengers like D'Annunzio, the revolution dissolved into posturing. For the German intellectuals the vocation supposedly began with dismantling the conceptual world of the bourgeoisie, but it ended there as well. For the leaders of the Italian working class who wanted to transform the factory it has brought their successors a powerful party but no socialist society. The question is posed for 20th-century Western Europe: was there really a revolutionary possibility?

Charles Maier

Charles Maier is the author of *Recasting Bourgeois Europe: Stabilization in France, Germany and Italy in the Decade After World War One* (Princeton).

Politics and Markets: The World's Political Economic Systems by Charles E. Lindblom

(Basic Books; $15)

Although I shall wait a bit before echoing Everett Ladd's advance comment that this is a "great book" and probably hesitate even longer about endorsing the blurb writer's comparisons with Adam Smith and Karl Marx, I am willing to say that Lindblom's somber analysis of American polyarchy (political science slang for democracy) and the authoritarian alternatives of Soviet and Chinese communism is an enormously powerful essay in comparative social interpretation. Among other achievements, Lindblom has laid to rest the myths of pluralism equally popular among economists and political scientists. Some groups are *always* more powerful than others and their interests accordingly are steadily better served than those of weaker opponents.

It says something about the current state of respectable economics that Lindblom, not an economist though obviously sophisticated in the arcana of the subject, has here propounded a most convincing explanation of the reasons

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why the desires of large corporations on issues of importance prevail over consumer, labor union, and government opposition. Capital has the obvious advantage over labor of superior mobility. In response to the calculus of profit maximization, textile magnates shift garment factories initially from the northeast to the southeast and then to southeast Asia. Beset by Japanese invaders, Zenith closes its plants here and migrates to Mexico. Men and women shift much less readily. Accordingly any sensible corporate manager learns how to play off city against city, region against region and country against country. The mere threat of closing a plant frequently suffices to soothe union passions and evoke tax and other concessions from the local politicians. The multinationals play the same game on a global scale.

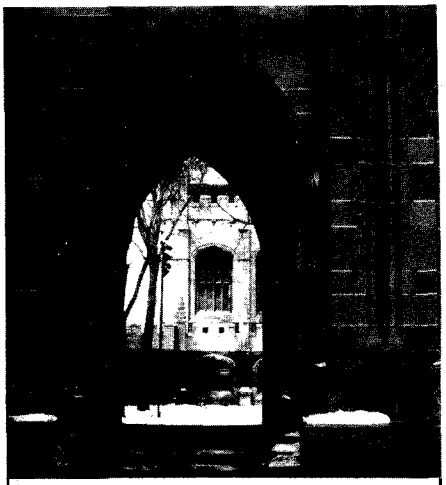
The name of the game is not blackmail. The logic is that of the bottom line. So much is the common wisdom, succinctly stated by Lindblom. The power of the corporation in the United States is, he demonstrates with considerable force, much more than merely economic. Business has so limited the political agenda that a wide range of conceivable and desirable social and political changes simply does not present itself as a respectable topic of political discussion. Who at least in the United States questions the authoritarianism of managerial control in offices and factories? Not American unions which are content with infrequent exceptions to bargain over wages, hours, and fringe benefits without infringing on managerial prerogatives just as Samuel Gompers, William Green, and George Meany had always recommended. Scandinavian and German unions concern themselves with plant democracy. Yugoslavs experiment with worker control. A serious American politician knows better than to talk about such matters, much less to ask the more fundamental question whether private ownership is invariably the best way to organize resources and effect the popular will.

Lindblom shares the view of members of the New Left who argue as Bowles and Gintis did in their impressive *Schooling in Capitalist America* that both the schools and universities socialize their pupils in the folkways of capitalist ideology. The mass media, especially television, serve even more directly the same preceptorial function (to use Lindblom's term). Media and education are polyarchal substitutes for the incessant propaganda reinforced by coercion which characterizes Soviet style societies. Here and still more in western Europe dissident voices are free to speak and to be heard. In Europe though not in our country the political left exerts strong pressure for class equality and income redistribution. It is well, Lindblom warns, not to exaggerate the distinctions among the polyarchies. Endowed with a powerful Communist and Socialist party, France distributes income and wealth more unequally than the United States or western Germany.

Of course democratic governments modify free markets by various regulatory and redistributive interventions. For their part, Eastern Bloc planners have long ago discovered their need to use prices as allocative devices and retail markets to distribute planned outputs. In Lindblom's dispassionate taxonomic system, neither planners nor free marketeers come off at all well. Although the Swedes distribute income more equally than do the Russians, most planned economies divide income and wealth more equally than their democratic rivals. With the usual exceptions planned economies also do better by their citizens in universal provision of basic health and welfare services. Nor, in the western sense, is unemployment a problem.

Against these important virtues must be set an extensive list of formidable shortcomings. By ACLU criteria, civil liberties scarcely exist in communist societies, though the degree of repression varies in time and place. Terror when not manifest is always latent. Shortages are endemic, rewards for innovation are absent, improvement in living standards is slow, plans are invariably inadequate and subject to emergency revision, and agriculture is a universal disaster area.

The alternatives to the dominant Soviet and American models of political and economic organization are not promising. Lindblom utters words of qualified approval for Yugoslav experiments with consumer sovereignty and plant democracy all within the context of firm Communist party control of political life and strategic economic decisions. The Yugoslav model is unlikely to be adopted by or adapted to American circumstances. About this country Lindblom is far from cheerful: "Boldly conceived major new democratic alternatives have not yet been designed. They may never be even if their design may some day become necessary to the survival of polyarchy." In our political system, vetoes are too numerous, too



"College is sacred. It's like the church

You go there, you have to have special feelings, you have to think special kinds of thoughts. It's the best the society has to offer."

This is what college means to a man whose own father never even went to grade school but whose son is about to enter college. At the other end of the scale, disenchanted students grumble that their teachers "couldn't care less whether we live or die."

In **COLLEGE: REWARD AND BETRAYAL**, Thomas J. Cottle writes about the hopes and disappointments of parents, students, and teachers involved in American higher education. He interviews, among others, a man in his forties who entered college one year after his own son; a female faculty member resentful that, while she considers herself primarily an historian, her institution considers her primarily a woman; a young man to whom achievement was always easy until he found himself a "zero" surrounded by "geniuses" in the college of his choice.

Cottle, a distinguished sociologist/clinical psychologist, also reveals what it was like for himself as a young teacher at Harvard, going through all the horrors of playing the tenure game — waiting for the fateful letter that would say: "Hallelujah! you are the new chairman of the department! Not only do we give you tenure, we have arranged that from this day forward you will be immortal and eternally youthful."

Warmly personal, entertaining, and thoughtful, this is a book on present fundamental conflicts about academic achievement, about ways careers should be defined and lives be led.

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scattered, and too contradictory to permit of sensible coordinated action. With disquieting frequency these negative votes are cast not only against redistributions of income, wealth, and political privilege, they also even more dangerously abort "proposed solutions to collective problems."

In other words the glum prospects for Congressional approval of Carter initiatives in energy, welfare, taxes, arms limitation, and settlement of the Panama Canal issue are not to be explained according to the tiresome custom of the political columnists by the political inexperience of good old country boys from Georgia. At fault is the structure of our political institutions and the difficulty of reforming them. The nearly unchallenged dominion of business has resulted, notes Lindblom, in monopoly, inflation, unemployment, maldistribution of wealth, environmental decay, and systematic distortion of democratic processes. As an unlikely model for taming the corporate beast, Lindblom nominates the defense industry. The Pentagon contractors have accepted meticulous government supervision of their operations in return for guaranteed markets and dependable levels of profit. Perhaps other corporations can be bought off in the same way and their policies bent to the national interest.

It is just as well that Lindblom expresses only limited confidence in this notion for by all accounts Lockheed and its peers are among the least efficient producers in the land. The note on which he ends is one of pessimistic paradox. It may be, he speculates, that elite indoctrination of the other ranks is working less effectively. Some of the signs are the spread of worker alienation, the decline of the work ethic, and diminishing public confidence that the leaders of the establishment really know what they are doing. But erosion of preceptorial authority is likely to promote not greater equality but instead divisive conflict and abandonment of polyarchal rules by a citizenry less and less attached to peaceful settlement of disputes.

I have necessarily neglected much of the assortment of intellectual dainties spread out before us by Lindblom. There is a strikingly original discussion of the varieties of planning that by itself would justify this volume as well as an implicit answer to the Schumpeter proposition that capitalism will be undone by its own success. Although at the outset I churlishly objected to comparisons with the eminent thinkers of the past, I'll gladly place this volume on the same shelf as Veblen, Schumpeter, and Keynes. Not bad company.

Robert Lekachman

Robert Lekachman is Distinguished Professor of Economics at Lehman College (CUNY).

Marathon: The Pursuit of the Presidency, 1972-1976 by Jules Witcover

(Viking; $10)

Campaign for President: The Managers Look at '76 by Jonathan Moore and Janet Fraser

(Harvard University Press; $12.95)

If *Marathon* is Jules Witcover's bid to displace Teddy White as the instant historian of presidential campaigns, then it's a success and, I say, welcome. *Marathon* is just what it ought to be—straightforward, unadulterated politics, not cluttered with highblown personal reminiscences of time spent at the foot of the throne. To replace those familiar raptures, Witcover adds insightful, clever, sometimes hilarious anecdotes that flesh out the aspirants for president in 1976 and give them a human dimension. For example:

Witcover recounts the evening that George Wallace's brother Gerald exhorted him to make another run for president. "God damn, George! You gotta do it!" urged Gerald. And Wallace replied, "Gerald, why don't you go out and get your ass shot at, get bricks thrown at you, with your wife at one end of the country and you at the other. You give me your list of girls you see at all the bars in town and I'll stay here."

Or Mo Udall's imitation of Jimmy Carter playing cards. When it came time for him to bid, Udall would say, "Four." Someone would ask him, "Four what?" Udall: "Play the cards, I'll tell you later."

Or Scoop Jackson on tour in an Italian-American neighborhood in Pittsburgh, walking out of a small grocery and turning to thank the proprietor, "Muchas gracias."

Since Teddy White did not write up this one, *Marathon* automatically becomes the official, establishment-approved version of the '76 campaign. That much was known in advance; it was the book club selection, the guaranteed biggest seller. Any participant who cared how he came out in the context of current history was advised to get his version to Witcover early. Most obviously did. You should read this book for that reason alone: it stands as *the* historical record. Conventional wisdom about the rise of James Earl Carter, Jr., derives from these pages and revisionists of the future are advised to begin their work here. When pretenders to the throne now occupied by Mr. Carter begin to recruit for 1980, *Marathon* will appear on resumés. A crucial test of the stature of a book like this lies in the index, because Washingtonians read campaign chronicles from the index backward. The index in this one runs to nearly 30 pages of six-point type. [Six-point type is this big.]

As with any book of this sort, there is a certain tendency for those named in the index to niggle at lunch over small errors. There may be a few, but they're not terribly important, and that comes from one who carries a piece of Witcover's shellfire in his own backside. (Check the index.) The more important problem, common to all instant histories, is that it tends to certify orthodoxy, giving short shrift to less conventional theories. Take as an instance the Menckenesque notion that Ham and Jody were merely front men, that the nomination of Jimmy Carter was actually managed by the same fellow who handled Wilkie in 1940, the Holy Ghost himself. It's a minority view, to be sure, but there is evidence for the proposition in that near completion of the tally on the first ballot in Madison Square Garden, an angel wearing a Palm Beach suit was observed in the gallery by several alternates. Witcover dismisses this without mention.

Campaign for President: The Managers Look at '76 is the quadrennial outgrowth of a seminar sponsored by the John F. Kennedy Institute of Politics at Harvard University. Held about a month after

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the election, the discussions ran over three days and included representatives from every major campaign in 1976. Each session was taped and what appears in the book are edited transcripts.

So what you get is the opposing generals gathered around a single table for a common review of the last war, which led to defeat for the many and victory for a few. Obviously no one is under oath, but there are no naifs in the room either, so shading and rationalization is within reasonable bounds. This is a solid discussion from all points of view about strategic and tactical decisions by some of the country's leading experts in election technology. The transcripts are preceded by an introductory essay by Jonathan Moore, director of the Institute, which itself is worth the price of the book.

An easy pitfall in reviewing books of this sort is to identify shortcomings which actually fall beyond what the author intended to cover. So it may be unfair to argue that what's missing here is the larger perspective which both Witcover and the managers of 1976 are fully capable to offer. Nevertheless, it would be useful for those most closely involved on all sides to step back from the helter-skelter experiences of a campaign year and take a hard look at some of the trends in which they are participating. These are the characters who are aiding and abetting in the growth of an electoral technology which now surely overwhelms the traditional influences of parties and issues in American presidential elections.

How about the growth of primaries, for example—do they actually make the process more democratic as some contend, or merely more draining? Or polling—how completely does the availability of reliable data about what voters *want* to hear and candidates' propensity to believe those data, determine the way issues are addressed? And money—have the post-Watergate election laws actually neutralized its effect? Or television, now a dominant force both in terms of campaign advertising and campaign news—what of its impact? Each of these matters is touched on in both books, but, I think to lesser extent than is needed.

The missing dimension is an important longer range perspective that may be impossible to achieve in books produced so quickly, but a perspective which ought not be left entirely to the academics either.

To really understand today's presidential elections, one must venture well beyond the summing up of strategies and votes. It requires an understanding of a closed circle of communications technology which now comes close to dominating the process: pollsters tap the hopes and fears of voters, advertising specialists exploit them in carefully contrived 30 and 60 second spots, and television soothingly massages the product back into a passive, ever diminishing electorate. At the Harvard seminar, Jimmy Carter's ad man, Jerry Rafshoon, offered a comment that contains the nugget of what I mean. It's a comment that you can't help but linger over 11 months into the Carter presidency, at a time when the administration is groping its way out of a deep slump. "We had a pretty effective media packaging of competence," says Rafshoon. You have to wonder: Can democracy survive these advancements in election technology? Can government survive the products?

Hands down, these are the two best books on the campaigns and elections of 1976. They are organized identically, and if you are serious about going over the most recent exercise in American democracy, you could do worse than to read them simultaneously.

Ken Bode

Reconsideration

R. H. Tawney

Richard Henry Tawney (1880-1962) belonged, as he wrote, to the "generation of illusion," a generation which imbibed certain simple ideas of right in the years before 1914 when the imbibing of such ideas was still possible; and throughout his long life he believed that all men should be assured the basic decencies which he had taken for granted as a middle class Englishman coming of age before the war, that they should have equal access to the richest possible culture, that the flowering of what was unique in them, their "personal quality," should not be impeded by the accidental circumstances of their class or birth, and that a society which stopped short of guaranteeing men these things might be rich and prosperous, but had no claim to being called "civilized"—Tawney's irony was too profound to permit him to say "just." Irony, indeed, was the note of everything he wrote. He had a lively sense of the ironic distance separating what humankind was from what it could be. But unlike some moralists he did not believe in a change of heart; man would always be a "child of Adam"; it was his society which must change. It must assure all the children of Adam equal "life-chances" by establishing institutions which "stress lightly differences of wealth and birth and social position . . . and which meet common needs and are a source of common enlightenment and common enjoyment." These established, irony would still be in order; humankind would be well short of Utopia. But it would at least have a social order based on principles "to which, if it chose, it could live up and not down."

Tawney inherited this generous faith from a more hopeful age, and he held to it in the face of the historical horrors of our age with an inspiring constancy. Not that he believed socialism was written in the historical stars—he respected Marx, but scorned Marxism, "that servile cult of the inevitable." And he could write in the '30s that the only Utopia the facts of history seemed to portend was H. G. Wells's nightmare of samurai and airmen. But history was not wholly a realm of fact; it was, so Tawney believed, a realm of value as well. An appeal to principle was therefore the condition of any considerable social reconstruction; "social institutions are the visible expression of the scale of moral values which rules the minds of individuals, and it is impossible to alter institutions without altering that moral valuation." Acting in the light of right values—he never doubted which these were—men and women could make a better society. It was not socialism he put his faith in; it was the power of belief.

Tawney had the typical background of the English intellectual classes, of which E. M. Forster's remark in *Howard's End*,

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that "the independent means came in and the independent ideas went up," is the memorable epitome. He was born in India, where his father was serving as president of Calcutta College. He went to Rugby, then, in 1899, to Oxford—he was a disappointing Second at Balliol. "How do you propose to wipe out this disgrace?" his father wrote. Unlike the men of his generation who may be counted his peers, however—Forster, Russell, Moore, Strachey, Lowes Dickinson—he did not embark on his intellectual career directly he got his degree. Instead he spent the next decade as a Tutor in the Workers' Educational Association, giving evening classes to working men, from whose "friendly smitings" he was given a view of society undreamt of in the genteel philosophy of Oxford. Come the war in 1914, he enlisted as a private, though as a "gentleman" he could easily have won a commission. After two years in the trenches he made sergeant, and while urging his men forward on the first day of the Somme was shot through the chest and abdomen: "I felt that I had been hit by a tremendous iron hammer swung by a giant of inconceivable strength." He lay in No Man's Land for two days and nights, resigned to death: "When one's half dead the extra plunge does not seem so very terrible."

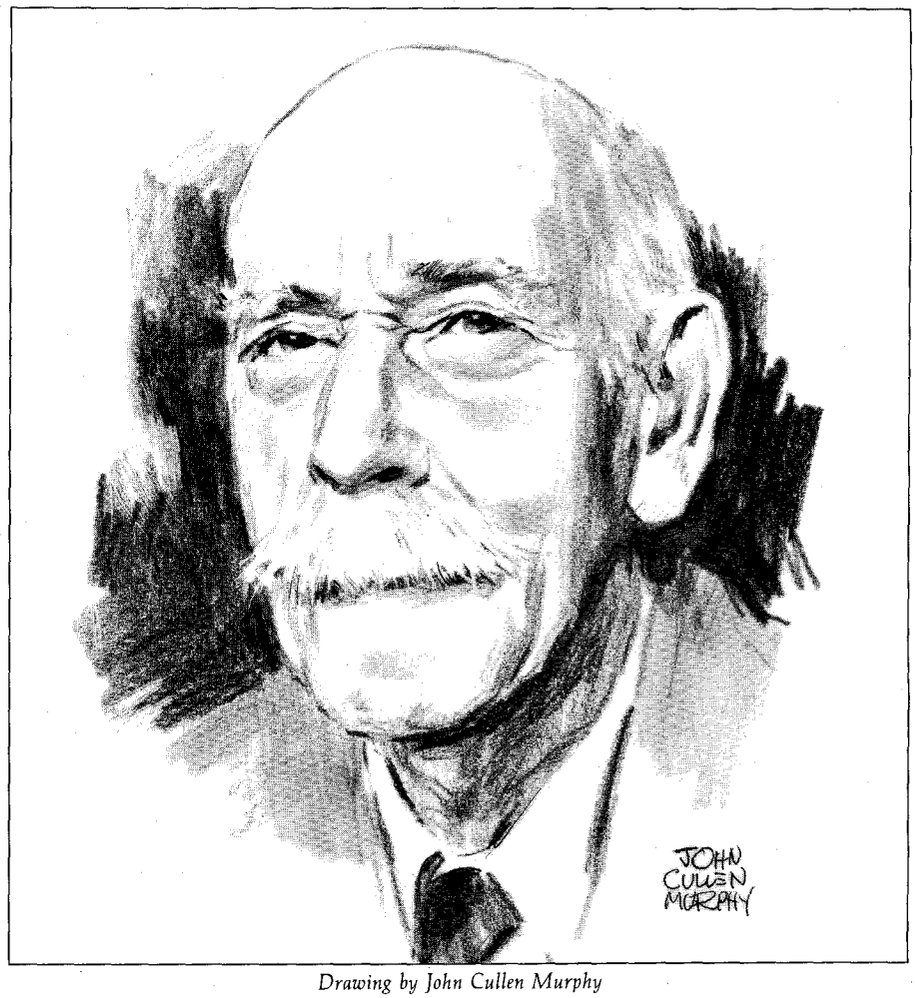
After the war Tawney became one of the leading figures in the whole field of English adult education; was made Reader at the London School of Economics; was active in Fabian Society and Labour Party affairs; even ran as a Labour candidate in three by-elections and, in his words, "was quite rightly rejected with enthusiasm in all of them." In the early '30s he visited China; *Land and Labor in China* was the literary upshot; it contains a prophetic passage:

> *The revolution of 1911 was a bourgeois affair. The revolution of the peasants was still to come. If their rulers continue to exploit them, or to permit them to be exploited, as remorselessly as hitherto, it is likely to be unpleasant. It will not, perhaps, be undeserved.*

Prescient about China, Tawney was undeceived about the nature of the social experiment going on in the Soviet Union—one of the few Left intellectuals of the inter-war period of whom this can be said. He saw that the Soviets had introduced a new form of inequality and didn't let a metaphysical enthusiasm for the future stop him from saying so. Neither did Orwell: they had moral lucidity in common.

Marriage (to Jeanette Beveridge, like him an Anglo-Indian), domestic pleasures, visiting professorships, and service on countless committees, councils, commissions, a blaze of beneficence, round out his life. The author of *The Acquisitive Society* lived austerely, partly "because my life is that terrible thing an unplanned economy," but partly from principle. He thought the taking of public honors under capitalist dispensation ill became Socialists; and when Ramsay MacDonald offered him a peerage he brusquely refused. Few Prime Ministers can ever have received so curt a reply: "Thank you for your letter. What harm have I ever done the Labour Party? Yours truly, R. H. Tawney." At Tawney's funeral in 1962 Hugh Gaitskell eulogized him as the best man he had ever known, and told a story about Tawney's friend Archbishop Temple. "What we need are more men like Tawney," someone said to Temple. The Archbishop replied, "There are none like Tawney." Tawney never had much money—he once joked that he oughtn't to smoke a good cigar in public; he dressed so shabbily a policeman might think he had pinched it—but he was remarkably rich in friends.

Tawney wrote a prodigious deal; the bibliography of his writings in Ross Terrill's recent biography runs to nearly 30 pages. The 32 items under the heading "Prefaces and Short Introductions by Tawney" are eloquent on his generosity. Here is one source of his friends' devotion. Tawney's field of scholarly exertion was the economic and social history of England in the 16th century. However, since he is the author of the celebrated dismissive judgment on modern academic life, "They make a darkness and call it research and are afraid of the glare of general ideas," it should be pointed out that he was interested in the "dusty dialectics" of that past age of usury, rack-renting and enclosure less for themselves—he was not, as G. R. Elton has charged, "history-minded"—than for the light they threw on the nascency of a new type of society.



Drawing by John Cullen Murphy

As a writer Tawney's command of the grand is unrivaled. He had a great feeling for the Elizabethans and an echo of their eloquence and gusto is the dominant note of his prose. Here is a sample from *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism;* it is surely one of the noblest periods in the language:

> *To the immemorial poverty of peasant and craftsman, pitting, under the ever-present*

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threat of famine, their pigmy forces against an implacable nature, was added the haunting insecurity of a growing, though still small, proletariat, detached from their narrow niche in village or borough, the sport of social forces which they could neither understand, nor arrest, nor control.

Whether this is your kind of thing or not, here, clearly, is a master of English prose. If what Tawney says is morally compelling, the way he says it is esthetically irresistible. His style, as Mr. Terrill says, makes Socialist values appealing.

II.

Tawney's major books, *The Acquisitive Society* (1920), *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* (1926), and *Equality* (1931), bear intimately on one another; he was remarkably steady in his interests. But *The Acquisitive Society* has the strongest claim on contemporary attention because the sickness which it diagnosed over half a century ago now threatens to be terminal.

The propagating source of this sickness is the "false philosophy" which our civilization mistakes for light. Poverty, unemployment, the squalor of our cities, the waste of life in our schools, and, on the other hand, the production of costly futilities, the paying of preposterously high salaries to nonentities, and the carnival of greed on Wall Street, are its material and moral consequences. They are not by-products; they issue from the very nature of "a society whose whole tendency and interest and preoccupation is the acquisition of wealth," an acquisitive society.

Tawney can sound as futile and priggish as an English curate. But his main point survives these moralistic moments. For he is not saying that wealth is wrong but that in the acquisitive society its pursuit is unchecked by a social ethic. You must get yours, I must get mine, and we daren't give quarter: it would be irrational market behavior. Neither is he saying that industrialism is wrong—Tawney is no Luddite—but that industry in the acquisitive society is not conducted with regard to social purposes. Wealth and industry are means—means to culture, means to ease, means to life. Their value is provisional. But in the acquisitive society they are pursued as if they were ends-in-themselves and they are valued absolutely: the purpose of wealth is more wealth, the purpose of industry more industry.

This basic confusion of ends and means fathers corollary confusions. First, if the purpose of economic activity is the acquisition of wealth, not the providing of services, not the making of needed goods, then society has no way of choosing among economic activities. They are all equal: the production of trifles is equal to the production of socially necessary goods; there is in point of fact no principle by appeal to which a trifle could be judged a trifle. Second, since wealth is the purpose of economic activity, those who possess it, commonly those who own, commoner still those "born with social and economic winds behind them," are esteemed, given a degree of deference which their ungilded selves would never command; while those who produce the wealth but possess little of it are condemned—made a means to the enrichment of others. This is inequality; it is a permanent feature of an acquisitive society. It can be measured in disparities of income. But the meaning of inequality is best expressed in existential contrasts. It means that "one man lives in seven men's houses, eats twelve men's dinners, and wears ten men's clothes"; while another, struggling to survive, must face the expectant eyes of his children with shame. Third, and most damagingly, the acquisitive society throws up for the emulation of rich and poor alike a social ideal of appalling shallowness.

His historical criticism of the acquisitive society takes the form of demonstrating that the acquisitive society has not sprung direct from Nature, as its conservative apologists claim; on the contrary, "The Triumph of the Economic Virtues," as a chapter title in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* has it, came only in the 18th century, when the odd idea that the acquisitive motive was bottomlessly beneficent and should thus be free from social restraint was first elevated to the status of self-evident truth. Pope's couplet reduces the new wisdom to a famous formula:

Thus God and Nature formed the general frame
And bade self love and social be the same.

The rhyme is charming but, to the social imagination of earlier ages, the philosophy is a scandal. The social ethic of the Middle Ages, for example, assumed that antagonism between self-love and social was in the nature of things, so it sought to keep the acquisitive motive under social control. Its fundamental postulates were that salvation, not riches, was the end of life, that the exercise of economic rights should entail the performance of social duties, and that moral rules were binding on economic conduct. Thus it reproved usury because it conceived of society as an organic unity, and to permit the "taking advantage of another man's necessity" to pass uncriticized would be to sanction the preying of one member of the social body on another; society would become a pack of wolves. Of course greed and sharp practice abounded in the Middle Ages, "but men at least called these vices by their right names and had not learned to persuade themselves that greed was enterprise and avarice economy." The point is that economic activity was held to be subordinate to social purposes, and from this principle neither Luther, nor Calvin, nor the English High Churchmen dissented.

How this view gave way under the pressure of modernity is the story told in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*. Suffice it to say that by 1700 the idea that economic activity should serve social purposes and that the acquisitive motive should be checked by a social morality had vanished. What remained were rights and interests, "the materials of a society not society itself." And of these two were absolute: the right to property

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and the right of unfettered economic enterprise. We enter the 19th century; we are nearly here.

So the values of the acquisitive society are false. They will not bring happiness; they create inequality; they are behind over-production, and are thus at the root of the cycle of inflation and unemployment by which the modern economy is plagued. And they are not reflections of man's essential nature; at any rate other ages have had very different standards. This is the gravamen of Tawney's critique of the acquisitive society. His positive recommendations, which occupy several chapters in his book, are interesting and provocative but they are addressed to the social and economic circumstances of 50 years ago and have inevitably lost cogency with the years. What remains, nonetheless, is a work of the greatest relevance.

For Tawney's moral and historical criticism of capitalism has recently been given objective support from the work of a British social scientist, Fred Hirsh, whose book, *The Social Limits to Growth*, has been praised by economists of intelligence and authority. And Professor Hirsh's book has power and importance according to one of them, Robert Heilbroner, "because he has succeeded in making moral concerns respectable in the world of 'scientific values' by translating the sins of immorality into the problems of a dysfunctional economy." Where Tawney criticized the false values of capitalism, Hirsh's data confutes its "false promise": that by means of economic growth all can share in its affluence. This had all along been the secret of the acquisitive society's triumph, according to Tawney—"To the strong it promises unfettered freedom for the exercise of their strength, to the weak the hope that they too one day may be strong." Hirsh argues that the weak hope in vain because the goods of which economic growth consists can by their nature be enjoyed by only a small minority. They are "positional" goods; their value vanishes if everyone can have them. Furthermore, Hirsh contends, and here he is on Tawney's ground, "We may have reached the limits of explicit social organization possible without a supporting social morality." Rights and interests are no longer adequate as a basis for social organization; not when welfare recipients and civil servants, corporations and criminals, all seek, as under the acquisitive ethic they are bound to seek, to maximize their interests. This is anarchy. The remedy could not be more radical: according to Heilbroner, it requires that we abandon the acquisitive moral ethos of capitalism for a more social ethic or face social collapse. Tawney would be the first to deprecate the tone of inevitability but if this is indeed the crisis we are heading for then his book will have much to say to us.

Jack Beatty

Jack Beatty is a free-lance writer living in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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TRB, *from page 2*

year. It is this rising purchase of oil that gives the nation the huge trade deficit that is unsettling the world. He called the oil effort "the moral equivalent of war."

The House passed the Carter energy package, the Senate balked. Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd (D, West Virginia) chided the new President for "over-reacting" to the first Senate committee defeats. At a subsequent press conference Carter said that he had been "moderate and accurate;" he was criticizing "the inordinate influence of the lobbyists," he said. "I have confidence in the sound judgment of the Congress" in handling "the gravest domestic issue which I shall face during my own term of office as the President." He estimated $45 billion worth of oil would be imported this year.

The Senate didn't respond. The London *Economist* last week mused on Senate Finance Chairman Russell Long: "More people are bound to begin asking," it said, "whether it is proper, in this moral age, for a man with two million dollars in oil and gas interests to be given such a strong hand in drafting a national energy program." Ah, America.

Mr. Carter didn't curb his criticism, at first anyway. On September 29, he said that energy problems became more severe with "every passing day" with tremendous pressure on the Senate from lobbyists. On October 13, he warned of "the biggest ripoff in history" threatened by oil companies. "Never before in our history has this much money been involved in a decision controlled by government policy and by legislation," he said.

Carter went to the nation on TV, November 8, but it was a flat, uninspired delivery; instead of the trumpet blowing Ta-ran-tara it was toot-toot.

It caused hardly a ripple. Pollsters found no change in public attitude. FDR made electrifying speeches when the danger was visible and horrifying—the Depression, the attack on Pearl Harbor. How does a President rouse a nation when the calamity hasn't happened yet? Reviewers called Carter weak, ineffective, perhaps a one-term President. The energy crisis remains.

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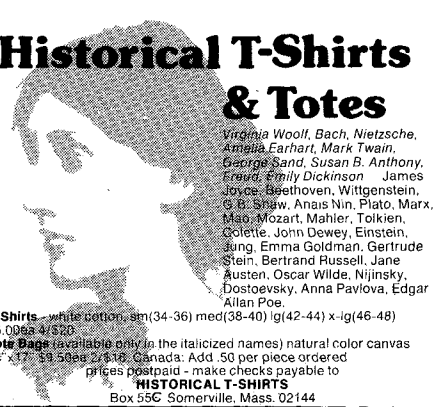
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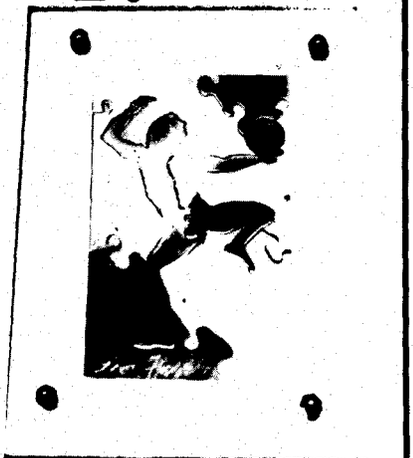

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Washington Diarist

Celebrations

"The God of my unbelief is magnificent." So wrote the extraordinary (and of course also unknown) "introspectivist" Yiddish poet Jacob Glatstein. I think often of that line, and always during a holiday season, not least because it rejects the false distinction between poetry of the heart and poetry of the mind. But more important to me, it expresses precisely my sentiments about religion. I'd rather disbelieve in a magnificent God than believe in one without miracle or horror.

I thought these thoughts just the other day again when I went with my nine-year-old son Jesse to his Hebrew class' Hanukkah party. The children put on a play, not this time on the theme of the Maccabean revolt, but on Noah and the ark—and this simply because it was a Bible story they liked. The animals rescued from the flood had always struck me, beyond being themselves, as metaphors for different human traits: in the play, for example, the beaver, relentlessly building; the turtle, imperturbably going at his own pace; the hedgehog, dogged and deep; the flea, pesky disturber of the peace; the lion, ruling less by its power than by its pride. The play was an adaptation from the French verse of a Catholic nun. It reminded me of a tractate in Talmud, "The King of Kings, with one die, impresses the same image on all men, and yet not one of them is like his neighbor." Because that one image is that of the Creator, it follows that no man may deny another rights he claims for himself. But having been made in the image of God, man may yet be tempted to arrogance. And if he is, the commentator argues, he can be told that it is not without meaning that in God's order "a flea preceded you in creation."

I have been celebrating the coronation of Jean-Bedel Bokassa as Emperor of what used to be the Central African Republic by rereading Evelyn Waugh's *Black Mischief*. It is a wickedly funny novel, but many high-minded liberals won't touch it because they've heard that it's racist—which it is not. Written nearly a half century ago, it presciently captured the sham, buffoonery and worse which now characterize governments in much of post-independence Africa. But the tragicomedy of the Emperor Seth of Azania (with a Bachelor of Arts from Oxford and his confidence that at his "stirrups run women's suffrage, vaccination and vivisection"—all of the substance and trappings of progress) is, like that of the Emperor Bokassa, his wish to emulate the civilized colonials. In Waugh's book, by the way, these folk are not less pathetic than the reigning sovereign. Bokassa's aping of the departed imperials can reasonably be seen as the logical culmination of revolutionary ideology and practice in parts of the Third World. Well, not exactly in every detail. No one else has put on quite such a bash. So the firm of Guiselin, embroiderers to Napoleon, have probably not had another opportunity recently to make a wardrobe of 785,000 pearls and 1,200,000 crystal beads, plus a 12-yard train of red velvet decorated with bees in gold thread—all at a price of $150,000. But other tyrants have spent comparably on similar phantasmagorias, copying what their former rulers taught them was good and elegant. This one was costed out at about $22 million, while the government's entire annual budget has been about $75 million, of which half was paid by France and much of the rest by Russia, the US and South Africa.

The Washington Post has for some time now held an institutional membership in the Academy of the Overrated, which honors individuals and organizations whose reputations far exceed their virtues. Aside from simple membership, there are two other categories. Member emeritus is reserved for those once overrated but hardly given a second thought now. Robert McNamara is a prime instance of how history destroys destiny. Then there are also candidate members, as in the Communist Party. One doesn't last long in that precarious status, however, and just this minute Jerry Brown is someone who'd surely be selected by acclamation. In any case, Mrs. Graham's newspaper last week marked its hundredth anniversary with self-serving and self-conscious proclamations of its own greatness. This still being the century of the common man, the *Post* also printed an entire page listing all its employees; the big stars were there in tiny type with everyone else. But anyone who calls the *Post* a really great newspaper either does so out of stubborn fidelity to a habit picked up during Watergate or does not read *The New York Times* which, even in its current slightly debased state, is a model of responsible, scrupulous, dignified—and lively—journalism, along with discerning judgment of what's really important. I've been celebrating the *Post*'s birthday by reading the *Star*, its local competition. The *Star*'s political coverage is more informative and analytical than the *Post*'s; its editorial page is less predictable and more biting than the *Post*'s, which usually has the preachy tone of those born to instruct.

One institution no longer overrated by anyone is the United Nations. It's had a long decline but Kurt Waldheim's stewardship has made it a legitimate target for ridicule. Nothing he has done is more ridiculous than his efforts to get the UN back into the act in the Middle East. The Soviet Union aside, what less than the UN has bona fides to serve as peacemaker or matchmaker between the Israelis and Arabs? When peace finally does come, history will see this Secretary General as one of those shadowy and clumsy figures who by his every skewed remark and tendentious intervention—or by his studied silence about Lebanon—made himself the instrument of conflict and death.

"We were like them that dream," said the Psalmist. And so we were and still are, most of us, watching President Sadat and Prime Minister Begin edge their governments toward a historic reconciliation of two ancient peoples. But the diplomatic professionals are worried. The long faces and sour tongues have been apparent all over Foggy Bottom and at the White House. James Reston himself was even worried about whether the Israelis could trust Sadat, a concern he didn't show about Syria's Assad and the PLO when the diplomats were trying to stampede Jerusalem into conceding everything to everybody at once. Sadat knows his brother Arabs better than we do; and he knows that if the Egyptians are at long last to have peace, he cannot bind himself to those extremists in Islam whom many American experts blithely continue to call moderates. I'm for a separate peace between Israel and Egypt because one way of getting a comprehensive settlement is to have those who aren't part of the initial agreement see what they are missing. This is the season when the Prince of Peace was born; let us not intrude upon a miracle for which millions have wept and prayed.

M.P.

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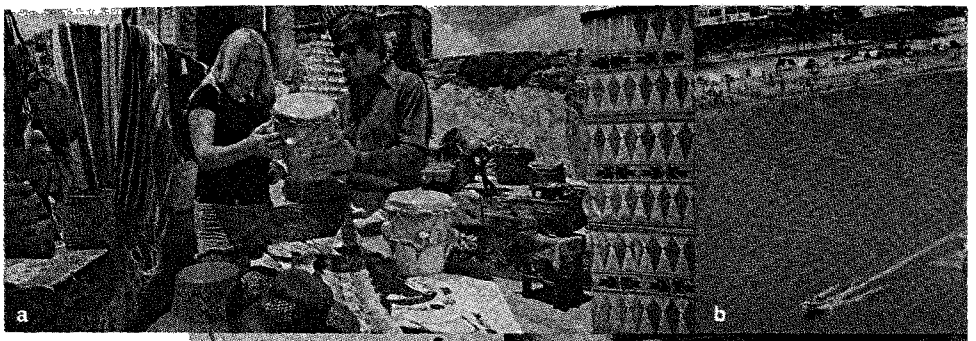

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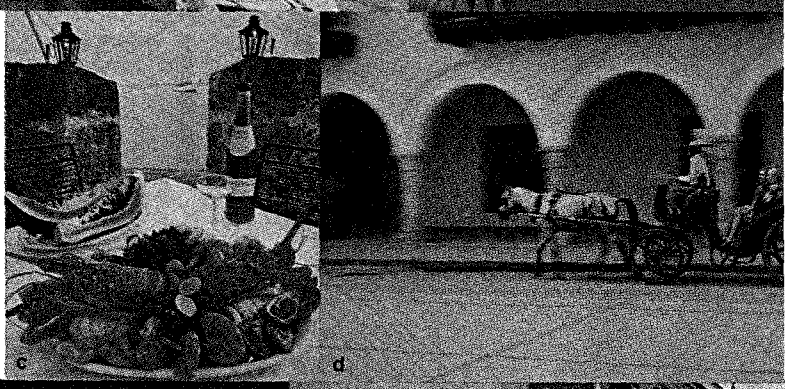

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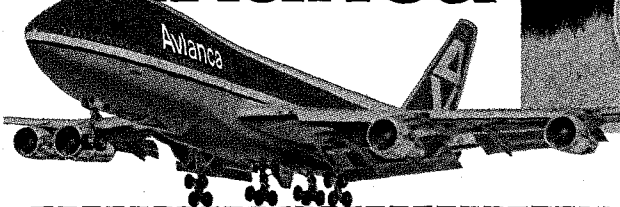

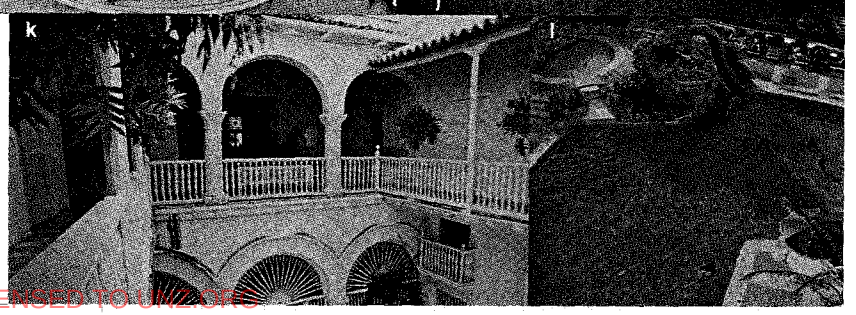

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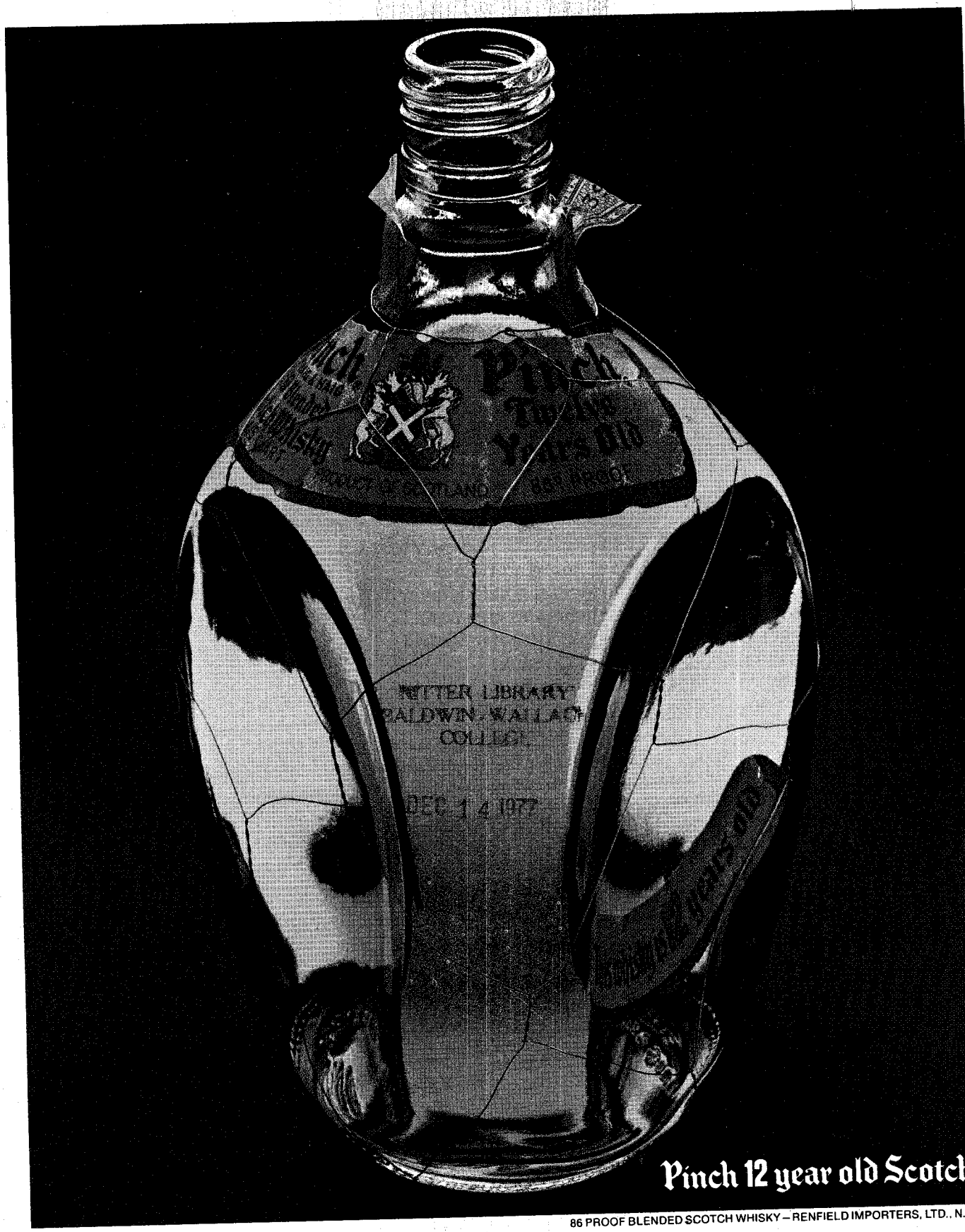

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